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"WHOSE DEBTORS WE ARE."

They held, against the storms of fate,
In war's tremendous game,
A little land inviolate
Within a world aflame.

They looked on scarred and ruined
lands,
On shell-wrecked fields forlorn,
And gave to us, with open hands,
Full fields of yellow corn;

The silence wrought in wood and stone,
Whose aisles our fathers trod;
The pines that stand apart, alone,
Like sentinels of God;

The stars that guard the quiet night,
Pin-pricked against the blue;
The wind-swept dawn whose tranquil
light
Is mirrored in the dew.

With generous hands they paid the
price
Unconscious of the cost,
But we must gauge the sacrifice
By all that they have lost.

The joy of young adventurous ways,
Of keen and undimmed sight,
The eager tramp through sunny days,
The dreamless sleep of night,

The happy hours that come and go
In youth's untiring quest,
They gave, because they willed it so,
With some light-hearted jest.

No lavish love of future years,
No passionate regret,
No gift of sacrifice or tears
Can ever pay the debt.
Punch.

AT MORNING.

When I see her sleeping there, in the
gray of morning,
Peace upon her face and her eyelids
down,
The first of day arriving for her cheeks'
adorning,
Glinting in her tresses on the tints
of brown—

Sacred is she to me, in the new day
breaking;
There's a trill of birds in the light
outside;
On this half the world all things are
awaking,
Life flowing wondrously, like a flow-
ing tide—

Sacred is she to me as she lies there
sleeping,
Sacred and mysterious—and O so
dear to me:
The treasure of all treasure that God
gave to me for keeping,
To journey with and cherish, midst
the mystery.

*Frederick Niven.**The Athenaeum.***THOUGHTS.**

The untrodden hills of day
Are peopled with her flocks of
thoughts in flight.
So young and wild are they,
So swift upon the paths of new
delight,
I thought they would outstay
The vanquished sun, and perish in
the night.

But their white, homing wings
Close dimly round her with the
breath of flowers.
And each shy spirit brings
A flake of gathered gold from the
dead hours
To guard her slumberings.
So sleeps the slender moon amongst
her stars.

*Barrington Gates.**The New Witness.***NEW-BORN.**

It seems such a strange new world,
Where the folk have their wings all
furled,
And there's never a drift of cloud,
Or the Heaven-song ringing loud.
And never an earth-son flings
A shadow of angel wings,
And I miss, oh, I miss,
The angel-kiss.

*V. M. Wheatley.**The Poetry Review.*

SEA POWER AND CIVILIZATION.

A fact of pre-war history that will remain salient for futurity is the different effect of the British Navy and of the German Army upon the armament problem of Europe. All Germany's neighbors (which if we include Austria's, comprise nearly all Europe) were ever increasing their armies up to the limit of their man-power. But with the single exception of Germany herself, England's maritime neighbors were practically unarmed against her, France having finally withdrawn her Navy from our proximity.

It was my privilege to spend some months in 1915 visiting four of our small neighbor States and to meet there individuals of all ranks, from peasants to Foreign Ministers. Earlier and later I visited some of the great States, America, Russia, and France, which in themselves are both more interesting and more important. But for the study of general problems the small States have one eminent advantage. However individual a small nation may be, it cannot shut out the influence of its great neighbors, and it therefore becomes a sensitive index of the psychology and development of the powers whose shadows pass over it and intermingle there. And by going immediately from Norway to Sweden, from Sweden to Holland, from Holland to Switzerland one became conscious of differences of atmosphere far greater than could be accounted for by the slight racial divergencies of these countries. My conclusion, put briefly, is that there are two types of psychology in Europe today, dictated ultimately by geographical conditions, and that the innerness of the present struggle is that it signalizes the birth of an era. A new species of association among nations is laboring for realization.

I.

With all their differences, one thing is common to the small nations today: their intense nationalism. A Dane, with whom I returned across the Atlantic, confessed that he found other countries better to live in than Denmark, but in this hour of danger he was returning to the only country he was ready to die for.

But if the intensity of their nationalism is common, the nationalities are distinct. Even Norway and Sweden are dramatically unlike. The Norwegian genius for outstanding feats of adventure, enterprise, literature, and art contrasts with that of the Swedes for system and every kind of civil and domestic accommodation. The Norwegian has given us his winter sports, the Swede a system of physical culture. Yet the Norwegian, endowed with all warlike qualities, thinks little of war; and it is Sweden whose politics are torn with armament controversies. The reason is not far to seek. Norway has no need to think of war, because, except for Sweden herself, Britain is the only power that could seriously threaten her, and we may be proud of the fact that of Britain she is not afraid. Sweden looks across the Baltic at two immense military empires, and, with the long memory of small peoples, she thinks of the feats of Gustavus Adolphus and of Charles XII, only to realize the extreme improbability of their being repeated in conflict with German or Russian armies of today.

It was undoubtedly the different importance which the two countries attached to commercial development and strategic strength respectively, which underlay the divergence of view culminating in the separation. Norway, a land of great natural resources but small food-producing pow-

er, can only expand by a vigorous development of her commercial activity; and, while Sweden keenly felt the loss of strategic power in the separation, Norway cheerfully underwent a much greater loss, for the sake of the commercial advantage of having her own Consuls.

In the present war the two countries take a characteristically different attitude towards German naval aggression. The German submarine policy against neutral shipping was bitterly resented in Norway as an attack upon her trade. But though Sweden also suffered, she displayed curiously little resentment, only one or two of her newspapers taking any serious notice of the matter. What rapidly changed Swedish opinion, and actually brought her to the verge of war, was the action of a German man-of-war in attacking a British merchantman within Swedish waters, and under the protection of a Swedish gunboat. Sentiment in Sweden did not regard attacks upon her commerce, however unprovoked, as being unpardonable assaults against her sovereign rights as a nation. But when one of her warships had to clear for action to defend the inviolability of Swedish territorial waters, this was felt to be a blow struck at her nationality itself. America has definitely refused to distinguish between the two classes of action, and in so doing has made her contribution (relatively diminutive, but sufficiently significant) to the common cause of the sea-peoples.

It would be the greatest mistake, however, to think of Sweden's "militarism" as aggressive. She would be ready to fight a defensive war for her territory, or her honor; but she proved her will for peace when she refused to engage Norway in a conflict at the time of the latter's defection. Bitterly as she felt the blow, she merely made the statesmanlike condition that

all frontier defenses be removed on both sides. The importance of the distinction is that it cannot be attributed primarily, if at all, to national will or temperament, but almost entirely to geographical position. There seems to be a sharp distinction between the Atlantic and the Continental psychology, which can be read almost like a zone marking a change of vegetation. Along the "salt," or West, coast of Sweden none but anti-militarists are returned to the Riksdag. But the great peasant demonstration in favor of increased armaments marched upon Stockholm from the inland and Baltic regions. In Stockholm, England is sometimes regarded as actually responsible for the Belgian disaster by her long refusal of conscriptions.

But Belgium herself furnishes another example of the point in question. Before the war, no candidate could obtain a seat in Parliament for Antwerp who voted for increase of armaments; in Brussels no one could obtain one who did not vote for it. Antwerp's thoughts were, wisely or foolishly, set upon more constructive schemes than those of defense; it was the inland city that realized their terrible necessity.

In Holland and Switzerland we find a certain parallel to Norway and Sweden respectively. Switzerland, though for many centuries the very citadel of liberty, displays in some respects the typically Continental psychology. The Swiss, being a mixture of races, are strongly divided in their sympathies at the present moment, and one can, of course, find a variety of opinion among them. But they are all conscious that it is not their common race or language, but their unique strategic position which enables them to remain a nation. They have fortified this position by a well-drilled and well-appointed army that can be mobilized in a few hours. Their sympathy with

Belgium, though sincere enough even in the German cantons, is apt to be modified by their condemnation of her unpreparedness. They know why the Germans did not attack France through *their* country, and they are inclined to regard Belgium as culpably remiss; the very fact of her strategic position being less strong ought to have made the Belgians, they think, strengthen their armament proportionately. Otherwise they had no right to expect to remain a people. This, of course, only represents the view of a part of the population, but that part is not the professional military caste, which in all countries may be expected to dwell on this aspect of things; it is characteristic, as in Sweden, of large parts of the bourgeoisie and the peasant classes, amongst whom in Holland such ideas must be rare indeed.

Holland, as her diplomatic correspondence with England and Germany proves, fearlessly bases her position upon the rights of nations, and speaks with almost defiant courage to powers that could reduce her to a second Belgium, or strip her of her historic overseas empire, in less than a month's time. Nowhere else in Europe have I found the same firm, almost rigid, faith in international law as in Holland, though the attitude is the same as I found in Washington and as prevails, I believe, in South America.

To sum up the difference of attitude between the small nations coming within the Continental zone and those under the influence of the Atlantic, one may say that in the latter nationality tends to be regarded as something justified by strong national sentiment, language and history. In the inland countries it tends to be based upon a strong strategic position, supported by adequate military defenses.

II.

With the clue provided by the small States, let us next examine the char-

acteristics of the great Atlantic Powers. Our own territory, the only great over-seas Empire in history, is unlike anything that has hitherto been called an empire. Its principle is almost consistently to build its security upon the recognition of local patriotism. Not only are the Colonies encouraged to erect themselves into States, with their own institutions, and entirely free to contribute or not to the defenses of the Empire, but even native States are ruled with as much consideration as possible for local sentiment. We do not, for instance, garrison Egypt from India in times of peace, and we certainly do not send natives of other parts of the Empire to garrison India in the way that the Romans exchanged their legionaries, and as the Germans, to some extent, exchange their non-German regiments today. It is even possible for the highest races, such as the French in Canada, or the Dutch in South Africa, to become enthusiastic members of our confederacy of peoples, and to claim their right with the rest to offer their lives in its cause; which may be attributed to the fact that their local patriotism is allowed its full bent. The North American Union is in many ways closely analogous to our own dominions, the Washington Government holding the States of the Union with a singularly weak leash from the point of view of coercive power, but probably all the more effective from the point of view of national sentiment.

France, owing both to her geographical position and to her historical development, is of a far more "Continental" type than the Anglo-Saxon powers. Her government is more centralized, and her army takes a more vital place in her national polity. It was therefore the more significant that even she should reduce her term of military service, as she did for a time; and, whether wise or not, the action

was a strong indication of her underlying mind.

But what is of even greater significance than the policy of the French, British, or American dominions themselves, is the temper of mind which has been fostered in the Atlantic area at large. For a century there has been no war except the Spanish American War between any of the powers of the Atlantic seaboard. The small States, though practically without Navies, have in no case had to sacrifice their valuable over-seas possessions. Definite treaties have recently been made between America and England and America and France, to submit all disputes to the Hague. England and France, having settled all outstanding differences, entered into a close understanding which prepared the way for the present alliance. The United States has been successful in cultivating the close friendship of the South American Republics, and it may be truly said of the powers of the Atlantic basin that they had already come to form a comity of nations in which international law was fast becoming as binding as national law, and the Hague Tribunal the recognized court of appeal.

The curious thing is that this result is apparently achieved by two opposite processes. In the end the peoples of the Atlantic basin reach a condition of "diversity in unity," whether the diversity is first claimed by the small power, or the unity enforced by the greater one. An instance of the former process comes again from Scandinavia, when Norway demanded her complete political independence. This was the first step, and was an assertion of diversity. But it has been quickly followed by its complementary tendency towards unity. For the actual result of the disunion has not been disruptive, the three Scandinavias being more united in sentiment today than

ever in history. They are beginning to institute laws in common on various minor questions, and the meeting of the three kings at Malmö to agree to a united foreign policy was a dramatic step towards a kind of federal partnership. Incidentally this agreement has been of the greatest assistance to the cause of the Sea-peoples today; for however divided Swedish opinion might be, Denmark's, and still more Norway's, neutrality was expressly favorable to us. But the point more relevant to the immediate discussion is that no sooner is the very slight semblance of foreign dominion, such as Sweden exercised over Norway, removed, than the natural tendency of maritime nations towards some sort of federation asserts itself. The interesting fact that Sweden has benefited even more than Norway by the increased stimulus to exertion which the sense of self-dependence has given, is only one more indication of the progress-value of every fact which raises the "voltage" of local patriotism.

But the Scandinavias are peninsulas closely approaching insular conditions. In South Africa the long-time unsettlement between the two dominant white peoples presented a Continental problem, and its solution was only at last brought about by the opposite process. In this case a long war was fought against a highly armed but minor population, not merely to defeat it, but absolutely to disarm it; after which it was given full political rights, and the two peoples are now united under the premiership of a member of the conquered race. In this case the diversity was conceded after the unity had been enforced—enforced, but (quaintly enough as it must seem to outsiders) without prejudice as to whether it be predominantly English or Dutch.

Or, to take another case where opinion will perhaps be less divided; the

North and South War in America was at first only indirectly concerned with slavery. Nominally, it was fought to disarm a rival State and system set up in the same Continental area. But when the unity had been enforced, the Southern States became as free and, finally, almost as completely autonomous as British Colonies.

The story is a very old one. From time immemorial freedom has been associated with the sea and ships, militarism with the inland peoples. Even in the second and third millenniums B.C., we have the contrast between the warrior kings of Assyria, who went forth from their mountain fastnesses to seize and devour all weaker States, and the canal-digging kings of Babylonia, who knit the cities of Mesopotamia's navigable streams into a law-regulated and industrial civilization. But hitherto the strategic weakness of the maritime cities and dominions has led to their being repeatedly overwhelmed by the land powers, so that the greatest empires have arisen from inland peoples. Even today, the capitals of the world in almost all the great States, except the Anglo-Saxon ones, are inland cities, showing the inland origin of the dominant powers.*

The new fact in our epoch is the matchless strategic position of Great Britain and the genius of English seamanship. It is this which prevented Madrid in the sixteenth century, Paris in the seventeenth and eighteenth, and is preventing Berlin in the twentieth century from becoming masters of a European State. For today, even without annexations, the Prussian Army would be the diplomatic masters of Europe if the British Fleet had been driven from the seas.

But if this were all, it might be little to be proud of. To have arrested, century after century, the tendency of Europe to coalesce under some dominant culture seems at best to be but a negative result. It is because the Atlantic powers have at last evolved a form of elastic unity, which vitalizes rather than depresses local independence, that we may feel the deepest national pride in the century of British sea-supremacy, under which this comity of nations has slowly come to its nativity.

III.

Despite the storm clouds that darken the hour, it is probable that a dawn has already passed, that a new era is begun. In the bitterness of our struggle we scarcely realize that the air of day-break already moves upon the sea. If the danks of an ancient night still roll heavily over the continents, it is fit that we, of all men, recognize the day to which we have lived. The British Empire is itself a new thing, and something better than any previous rule of comparable magnitude. In the Atlantic comity dwells the promise of something greater and better still.

Maturity in the life of plants and animals is the stage when increase passes from growth to generation; when the new life is no mere addition to the tissues of the old, but the creation of a new individual. In the case of European nations the analogy is rather that of brothers than of parent and child, but so far as the relationship of nation with nation in the new order is based on moral and emotional ties between different individuals, instead of physical ties in the same individual, the analogy holds. We have, to this extent, reached the period when the higher delights and obligations of the family and society replace the merely physical pains and appetites of the individual body. Life is not

*Moscow is the historical capital of Russia, corresponding to Rome, Vienna, Paris, Madrid, Berlin. The foundation of Petrograd by Peter the Great was part of his deliberate imitation of England, Holland, and the Scandinavians, the Atlantic nations of his age.

merely the same kind of thing made better, it is a better kind of thing.

The new epoch would have been entered if there was only one such international relationship, but in point of fact we have in the Atlantic basin a rich variety of races, temperaments, languages, historical traditions, and nationalities small and great. In this war we have shown that a very strong combination outside, though it may injure, cannot destroy the liberties and common civilization of this area. But as it is in the essence of the case that only those should fight who voluntarily do so, we shall probably always defend it with only a portion of our strength. Against this weakness must be set the advantage of defending a cause which implies, as we believe it does, a higher conception of human organization. If we could not command the whole strength of the Atlantic system, the Atlantic psychology was destined to win us outside support and to turn the scale in our favor in a proportion of the doubting nations.

Italy, who so long held herself in a painful equilibrium, has been won rather than constrained into our alliance. The support of Japan, which has done us good service, was a consequence not only of our power but of the well-known character of our Asiatic rule. And it is beyond dispute that it was the friendliness of the Atlantic powers to Russia's original Hague scheme of disarmament, as contrasted with Germany's reluctance and opposition, that slowly and inevitably knit up the Triple Entente. A visitor to Russia returns with the impression that the spirit of the people has some deep instinctive grasp of the real issue at stake. A hundred years

The Contemporary Review.

ago it was the nation, and no mere court intrigue, that fought with us on the side of liberty in the Napoleonic struggle; today, the same instinct has, with even clearer vision, bound all parties together in a fight which began to defend the honor and independence of a small Balkan nationality.

Even more significant, perhaps, is the unwilling tribute of our adversaries in claiming our motives as their own. They have represented themselves as fighting for the safety of Europe from future outbreaks of aggression, for the freedom of the seas, the rights of small nationalities, and so forth; and though we hear Belgium and Serbia spoken of as parts of the German Empire, the party repudiating the policy of annexations is kept prominently before the eyes of neutral nations.

To conclude: The question history seems to be deciding today is whether the greater unities, or unity, to be characteristic of the future shall be such that each nation plays its part as an independent actor—as is already the case in the Atlantic basin—or as a mere limb controlled by a decreasing number of great powers, and finally by one all-dictating power; the type towards which the great land empires seem ever to have moved. Shall the organization of nations be analogous to that of a single body, or to that of a society; or, let us say, to a society like a beehive, in which the individual is aborted for the service of the whole, or to that of a city, in which every individuality is enlarged. Shall the nations be sociologically or only physiologically organized? Shall it be as when the citizen dwells a mere fragment in an all-effacing city, or as when the city dwells proudly in the hearts of its citizens?

Joseph Wicksteed.

A LAPSED RELATIONSHIP.*

We have lost a relationship in the human family, and all so gradually that we have not even suspected our loss: not a tear has been shed over the passing of the maternal uncle and of his complementary relative, the sister's son. Yet there is abundant proof that the close bond between uncle and nephew was cherished in former times by most of the peoples from whom we claim descent. Several contributions by American scholars in particular have recently dwelt upon the rôle of the sister's son in bygone literature; while a new study of the matriarchate has touched upon the subject of nephew-right in connection with the place of woman in primitive society, thus bringing the nephew into the larger arena of discussion where his mother is the chief figure. A differently constituted family is suggested in these books, in which the maternal uncle played the part now allotted to the father.

The history of mother-right has been actively followed for the last fifty years. E. S. Hartland, in his *Primitive Paternity*, says that this half-century of investigation leaves no doubt that mother-right everywhere preceded father-right; and he adds, "the uncertainty of paternity cannot be historically the reason for the reckoning of descent exclusively through the mother." To sum up divergent opinions upon the history of the human family, there seems good reason for recognizing that the mother has been treated as the chief factor in kinship

among primitive peoples, and, more particularly for our purpose, among the Celtic and Teutonic peoples who settled in the North and West of Europe and the adjacent islands. Moreover, the existence of mother-right, as exhibited in kinship exclusively through females, among the peoples of northern and western Europe, is reflected in the survival in historic times of nephew-right, sometimes in the form of law, more often as a sentiment persisting in popular literature.

We must here distinguish between two conceptions attributed to the synonyms matriarchy, "Mutterrecht," mother-right. Mother-right, some writers say, implies an actual ascendancy of the mother in the practical affairs of the family, and especially in what concerns her children; by others the word is used simply to imply that descent is reckoned exclusively through the mother. There is a wide difference in the picture of the primitive family suggested by these two conceptions; and by many the existence of mother-right has been viewed with scepticism because too much has been claimed for it upon insufficient evidence. The former conception presents woman as an active social force; the latter leaves her as the passive and stable factor in family history. The larger question of female ascendancy in a real woman's world may be left to the historians of society; and, in presenting some new literary evidence, we are content to use the word "matriarchy" or "mother-right" in the restricted sense of a social system which recognized kinship exclusively through the female line. It is credible, however, that the rights naturally accruing to woman as the result of this recognition were more considerable.

The general lack of formal legisla-

*"The Sister's Son." By Francis B. Guimere. "Sohrab and Rustem: The Epic Theme of a Combat between Father and Son." By Murray A. Potter. "The Sister's Son and the Conte del Graal." By William A. Nitze. "Uncle and Nephew in the old French Chansons de Geste: A Study in the Survival of the Matriarchy." By W. O. Farnsworth. "The Position of Woman in Primitive Society: A Study of the Matriarchy." By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan).

tion in favor of the sister's son is remarkable, in view of the constant popular sentiment which, we shall presently see, existed in his favor. True, Schrader says that the Scotch Picts as late as the Ninth Century provide for succession through sister's sons without exception; Zimmer also says of the Picts that "we see no sign among them of female domination, but sons belong to the mother's family, and the succession is through sister's sons"; Nitze quotes the Irish law that "when a sister's son has been slain, the maternal uncle shall avenge him." Yet, perhaps the general statement of D'Arbois de Jubainville for the Celts is nearer the safety-point, when he says (*La Famille celtique*): "The Gallic idea is that the stranger, on coming into the family, brings with him a certain strength, and that the nephew, the son of the stranger, shall become the successor of the maternal grandfather—his son, as it were." This statement, while guarded, leaves the way open for that insistence upon the uncle-nephew relation which is current in Celtic literature.

One fact emerges from these volumes dealing with mother-right—the neglect by social historians of the evidence of nephew-right offered in popular literature. But if the laws and practices of the most diverse and barbaric peoples have been scanned in vain for a record of matriarchal conditions, the historians of mother-right may no longer close their eyes to the testimony of mediæval European literature bearing upon nephew-right. We have, near at hand, in England, in Scandinavia, in Germany, and in France, complete testimony in popular literature to this existence of a sentimental tie between an uncle and his sister's son. Dargun, in 1883, referred to the evidence of old German poetry bearing on this relation; Andrew Lang touched the Celtic domain

in *Custom and Myth*, though the full testimony of Celtic legend remains to be exploited; the recent researchers, on whose books we base our observations, have more exhaustively presented the conditions in their respective fields. It is evident from a study of the material now at hand that, in mediæval Europe, this cherished relation between a man and his sister's son was sometimes closer than any other family tie; and that a son, though in no wise disowned by his father, belonged primarily to his mother's family into which he was born with his new blood. Thus the mother's brother would inevitably be brought to regard him as his *protégé* and, in a certain sense, as the family heir. The popular literature is evidently the pale and tardy reflection of a society intermediate between a more primitive state and our own. In this literature we shall find the father, indeed, established as the head of the family in most cases; but appearing with impressive frequency is the mother's brother as the natural guardian, friend, and avenger of his sister's son.

Mrs. Gallichan has quite recently defended an interesting and novel thesis regarding the chronological position occupied by the age of mother-right in the evolution of the family. She has adduced arguments for her belief that the maternal clan was not strictly primitive, but that it followed the first patriarchal age as an organized revolt against the lustful tyranny of the polygamous patriarch over his wives and daughters, and against the jealousy of all other males. Moreover, she contends that the age of mother-right was not marked by promiscuity but by a regulation of former sex relations, so that the woman, naturally supported by her own relatives, came to represent the stable factor through which her inheritance and her family name passed to her children. The age

of mother-right thus marked an advance over the brutish and warlike conditions prevailing in the primitive patriarchal clan, because it stood for sexual control and peace, for conservation of family tradition through the more sensitive sex, and finally for communism as against individualism in the holding of property. It is evident that according to this hypothesis the age of mother-right is intermediate between a still earlier age of father-right and our own. For our present purpose it is enough to observe that the insistence upon nephew-right seems to be an echo of this long-forgotten but now resuscitated age of mother-right, when woman enjoyed definite prerogatives more recently denied her. The literary evidence does not, of course, date from a state of matriarchy. All human literature is the product of the present patriarchal state. The father is the head of the family in mediæval as in modern literature.

Dargun, in 1883, with perhaps more zeal than care, adduced examples from Germanic mediæval lore to prove the following manifestations of the uncle-nephew relationship: Uncle and nephew were obliged to avenge each other; the uncle was the representative of his sister's son; the uncle attended to his nephew's marriage; the nephew was often named from his uncle; the nephew was placed in his uncle's tutelage; the nephew inherited his uncle's charge; a man was identified as his uncle's nephew rather than as his father's son. But Dargun is out of favor with the more modern scientific school, and Professor Gummere, in a far more charming and authoritative contribution on *The Sister's Son*, is a more accredited witness to this relationship in the English and Scotch ballads contained in Professor Child's collection. Professor Gummere is constrained to say:

I think this persistent mention of a sister's son in the ballads something which indeed may not do much for the legal assumption if we take it as an isolated fact, but which, as a part of the cumulative proof furnished by Tacitus, by Germanic legend, by old genealogies, by romance, hints, if it does not prove, an older law in the case. There are wider fields to search; anyone can think of stray instances in Celtic literature; and systematic investigation would doubtless bring additional and welcome evidence from this as well as other stores of tradition.

The Germanic and Celtic "stores of tradition" have indeed been only cursorily examined with this object in view. But for France, we are more favored. A Columbia University dissertation by Dr. Farnsworth leaves no doubt as to the rôle of uncle and nephew in the *chansons de geste*. In the French epic poetry of the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries we have abundant testimony, easy of access. A few examples will suffice. Charlemagne had four sons according to the epic poets: Louis, Charlot, Lohier, and Buvon. These are all occasionally mentioned; but they are in no marked sentimental relationship with their father, as are his sister's sons, Roland and Baudouin. Indeed, the marked affection of Charlemagne for Roland is the most constant sentiment in this French epic material from the Eleventh Century to the present time. At the center of the Southern epic, that dealing with the *geste* of Montauban, was Aymeri de Narbonne with his wife Ermenjart. This noble pair had eight sons, and had daughters variously reckoned up to five. Their most glorious son was Guillaume d'Orange, whom Professor Bédier brilliantly identified after Léon Gautier had expatiated on the moral grandeur of his enigmatical personality. This Guillaume, regarded as an historical personage, had six children by his wife

Guiboure (Bédier, *Les Légendes épiques*), but in the popular poetry he had no children at all; he was blessed, however, according to Guibert d'Andrenas, with no less than sixty-six nephews, ten of whom M. Bédier mentions by name. The grand epics of *Aliscans* and *Willame* show that, with his sister's son Vivien, Guillaume was in relations no less intimate and even more sentimental than those of Charlemagne with Roland. In neither case did the poets concern themselves with the relations of these young men with their fathers. Other widespread legends were built up about the intimate relations of uncles and nephews in *Raoul de Cambrai*; of Simon the Butcher and his precocious sister's son, Hugh Capet; of old Naimon de Bavière and his doughty nephews, Ogier and Gaydon; of King Louis and his sister's son, Aiol. These are notable examples chosen from among many others in French epic poetry. From them it is evident that the uncle frequently adopted his maternal nephew during the formative period of his pageship, and made him his *protégé* or *nourri*. This feudal relationship has been exhaustively studied by Carl Schubert, who remarks in conclusion: "We have in the French epic a popular survival of mother-right in manners and customs which has long since disappeared from law."

The situation is the same in the French versions of the Arthurian matter, which are approximately contemporary with these epic poems—that is, with the Crusades. Here the relationship occurs quite as persistently; but there is less plot woven about it, because the Arthurian romances present individual heroes engaged in unrelated adventures instead of the extended genealogies and relationships of epic heroes fighting for a common cause. Nothing would have been easier for the poets who first handled this

romantic matter in the Twelfth Century than to give Arthur a son, or even a large family of sons. But they did not do so. Chrétien de Troyes alone, to our knowledge, in *Erec et Enide*, grants him in passing a son, one Loholt, of whom nothing more is said or known. King Arthur, like Guillaume d'Orange, was certainly childless in poetic history. But think of the part played by his nephews! There is the favorite Gawain, the Arthurian Roland, son of King Lot and of Arthur's sister, and also Gawain's less known brother Gahariët. Then there was Lancelot, another sister's son; and Mordred, whose treachery was the darker because of his violation of an uncle's faith. This insistent grouping of nephews about the central figure of Arthur is certainly a conception opposed to our own family scheme.

The greatest mediæval love-story, that of Tristram and Iseult, though originally independent of the Arthurian cycle, appears from the start to have shared with it this presentation of the uncle-nephew bond. Professor Bédier's *résumé* of the legend may be conveniently referred to in demonstration of this fact. When Tristram is about to fight Morholt, King Mark, who throughout is childless, embraces him and promises he shall be heir to the kingdom: "Personne n'est plus digne que toi de le recevoir, car tu es le fils du mari de ma sœur." Later, Iseult reproaches Tristram for having killed Morholt, who is her maternal uncle: "Mauvais truand, tu mourras pour mon oncle." Once more, now married, and the *liaison* with Tristram in force, Iseult tells Mark to let Tristram be her protector during the King's absence: "Il est le fils de votre sœur, il saura s'efforcer de maintenir partout votre honneur sauf."

Nowhere, perhaps, is this relationship more momentous than in the Grail

story according to the French *Perceval le Gallois*. So true is this that Professor Nitze recently wrote: "The matriarchal idea is evidently the *Leitmotif* of Crestien's work." Though relationships are greatly confused in the later versions of the legend, it is certain that the French poem offers a strikingly complete system of kinship through the female side. The hermit is Perceval's uncle, as is also the aged king who is served with the Grail. Of the latter the hermit says:

Cil cui l'en sert il est mes frère
Ma suer et soie fu ta mère.
(7789-90.)

And Perceval replies significantly:

Quant ma mère fu vostre suer
Bien me devès nevéu clamer
Et je vous oncle, et mius amer.
(7810-12.)

It will be recalled that Perceval's guilt lay in his thoughtless desertion of his widowed mother, for which he is bitterly reproached by his maternal uncle, the hermit. But the same poem teems with other minor references to nephew-right. Gawain plays a great part in the sequel; and, when questioned as to his identity, always refers to himself as "le niés roi Artu." It is a fine scene and most significant of matriarchal customs when Gawain's five-year-old son pleads with his wronged mother's brother to spare his father, Gawain. It is his own mother who indicates the wisdom of this appeal, as she points out his uncle to the boy. This poem portrays Gawain as a complete outsider in his own family, precisely as the father stands aside from his wife and children among some primitive tribes today. As often happens in poetry, Gawain and his son fight unrecognized; and when, later, their identity is disclosed, the boy tells his father he has always been known as his uncle's nephew:

Soi, de voir, que tuit m'apeloient
Parmi le castel et nommoient
Le neveu son oncle, et messire
Me faisoit issi a tous dire;
Maintes fois me conta ma mère
Qu'ele ne sot nomer mon père
El castel, por le grant damage
Qu'il avoit fait de son lignage.
(20669-76.)

In the *Roman de Dole*, when Guillaume grieves over the alleged misconduct of his sister, it is his nephew who passionately offers to avenge his uncle's honor and slay his wayward aunt.

Thus it is that about the old French poetry, as about the English and Scotch ballads, Professor Gummere's remark rings true: "By the old notion . . . famous men are provided with a sister's son, while later tradition gives them, or would give them, sons of their own flesh."* A comparison with the points made by Dargun reveals that the situation in French narrative poems practically repeats the situation Dargun claims for old Germanic poetry. Paternal as well as maternal uncles share this sentiment for their nephews, and also for their nieces. To prove that this removal of the father is not simply fortuitous, further evidence may be gathered in E. Langlois' *Table des Noms propres de toute nature compris dans les chansons de geste*, and from the various epic poems published by the *Société des anciens Textes français*.

The case for the nephew might rest upon the material already presented; but there are two documents, hitherto never cited in this connection, which are too precious to pass over. Arnaut Daniel (*circa* 1180), one of the best known of the troubadours, had the fancy to make the very theme we are considering one of three conceits which he wove into a love-song. In half-

*It is, perhaps, significant that in the popular poetry of several nations, the most tender name a man can give his wife is "sister."

serious, half-comic vein he harps upon this relation of uncle and nephew as one of the most intimate he can choose for his purpose. The painfully elaborate poem is translated by Mr. Justin H. Smith in his *Troubadours at Home*. In another very different connection the relationship is introduced in the *Roman de Renart*.

The taking over of this tie by the Italian poets of the Renaissance, who refashioned the epic and romantic material of the French poets in endless versions, may be regarded as a mere borrowing of a poetic convention for which there appears to be no equivalent in the indigenous Italian literature of the period, although, in actual life, vast importance passed to the nephews of celebrated princes of the Church. Dr. Farnsworth points out that there are also meagre, but perhaps significant, traces of nephew-right in the Spanish epic, whose artistic relation to the French epic has been matter for much controversy. Readers of More's *Utopia* (1516) may recall that he adds to this work "A shorte meter of Utopia, written by Anemolius Poete Laureate, and nephewe to Hythlodaye by his sister." Malory, of course, is full of sister's sons, as he is presenting

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material drawn directly from the French prose romances. It is of little consequence to recall that St. Paul refers to Marcus as sister's son to Barnabas in the King James version; or that Shakespeare uses the traditional phrase in *Julius Caesar*:

Upon condition, Publius shall not live
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

The late Laureate, perhaps unaware of the historical significance of the phrase, used it for the only time in *Guinevere*, where Arthur refers to the imminent battle with Mordred:

Where I must strike against the man
they call
My sister's son . . .

Such an example represents but the fading glimmer of a once warm relationship. As sons, we have done well to gain a father as our defender and friend; but we have done ill to lose an uncle. For, as Lamartine says of the case of Jeanne d'Arc, "ces seconds pères (les oncles) dans les familles, sont souvent plus paternels que les pères véritables, et ils ont plus de faiblesse pour les enfants de la maison, parce qu'ils se délient moins de leur amour et qu'ils aiment par choix et non par devoir."

William Wistar Comfort.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GRAFINN RETURNS FROM THE GRAVE.

"Van Schau, this is the Gräfinn Tedder!"

I was too taken aback to reply, and the girl, seating herself upon the edge of the table, at which I was writing, looked down upon me with a curiously clouded face, full of unhappy memories.

"There is no mistake. She has known

me for days, and addressed me by name an hour ago. That goes for nothing, thou art saying, but, how comes she by *liebest Kind?*—the word she always used (most inappropriately).

"I did not recognize her in the very least. She has changed out of all knowledge into an old, old woman. But, I tested her memory. She recalls every place we ever stayed at, and for how long. She spoke of Gredel, our maid, remembered where we lost

her, and how we raced across a field with the French after us. She reminded me how I hung back, and how she struck me! Not much in that, for she was constantly hitting me for anything and for nothing; still, it is a point.

"And, poor thing, she repents of her cruelties, and has been weeping over them and imploring my pardon.

"It is most strange. I believe we vexed one another to distraction. I know she did me. It was incessant rebellion, repression and punishment. I think I must have hated her, for I remember lying awake after a whipping planning how I would serve her out when I was big enough.

"O, I have had such thoughts of her since I have lived here. But not lately. No.

"And now, when she is thrown into my hands, I . . . (Is it Mrs. Ellwood's doing, dost thou think? It cannot be *me*) I just want to do all I can for the poor harassed, ill-used thing!

"O, Van Schau, thou shouldst see her wrists and ankles, scarred by the irons they have kept her in! And the marks upon her! Why do they let such places as Private Mad-Houses exist? They are as bad as jails, nay worse, for you justices do look over the jail once in a while, but nobody goes to see how the poor mad creatures are treated.

"And she is no more mad than I, and says she never has been. She was put away by influence, she says. But thou shalt talk to her."

I did, taking Abel and Smythe with me, for we were all interested in what the woman could tell, and I wanted their judgments. She was sitting up, "clothed, and in her right mind," as Abel said later.

"Ah, Colonel Fanshawe!" said she. "How well I remember you in Germany, and aboard the transport. But you were major then."

I responded with commonplaces, vainly endeavoring to reconstitute in the pitifully haggard creature that bold, personable, black-haired woman of my recollection. 'Twas no use, except the bushy eyebrows not a trait was the same.

But it was she right enough.

"Gräfinn," I said, "where is your husband?"

"Dead," she replied without an instant's hesitation. "And for you, sir, to ask the question! 'Twas your shot (but, of course ye will say 'twas your friend's) which gave him his wound. He told me so upon his death-bed.

"O, I am not blaming you. You stood upon your defense. He owned as much, he was too low, and too near his end for lying. They fetched me from Town in a chaise to some place near Derby,—Pirriper? Wirriper?—there! I forget the name. They wished me to see him before he passed, or rather to get out of him what he refused to tell them.

"Ye know who was in it? The Duke Ernest, of course! Who else! His man Major Semmes was lying upon the next bed, crippled, hit in the back, no use in his legs. I should think he died of it. I never heard.

"You, or your friend, or your servants, Major, were strangely clever with your pistols that night! I heard some hard words used of you, believe me! *And the girl unhurt through it all!*"

Bob's ruse had been successful and was still unsuspected.

"Gräfinn, you are among friends. If you are assured of that, and would allow me to question ye, say so; but, let it be with your consent."

She said there was nothing she would not tell me. A little at a time, for she was soon tired, her story unwound itself. This was the woman who had received the child from the hands of the *accoucheur* in the garden

of the Grange, at Alton in Hampshire.

"The baby was wrapped in a blanket in a leathern valise, sirs; I had that bag by me for years. I kept the child's clothes in it. 'Twas in my hand when the Frenchman shot me down. I should know it again if I could come across it, and I should like to come across it. You did not take it on with you, Colonel? Probably not. You were retreating and hard-pressed as I remember."

I told her I had stuck to that bag, and how it had held Georgy's change during our wanderings, that it was somewhere about the place, and might possibly be looked up if not fallen to pieces from age and moth. She thanked me faintly and changed the subject.

"Did the *accoucheur*, or any other person, give you papers belonging to the child?" asked Smythe.

"None, none! I should have remembered if . . ." murmured the woman, putting her hand to her head faintly.

"Gräfinn," I recommenced after a pause, "how came your husband to visit Sweden, and upon whose orders was he following up my tracks?"

"Duke Ernest, Colonel, was his paymaster at that time, and until his death.

"You know that my poor dear was for long in the service of the Prince, and served him faithfully, and in delicate affairs. He was too zealous, indeed, and involved himself with the police in Lombardy, and was expelled from the dominions of the Emperor. After that he was told he was of no farther use and was discarded.

"But a gentleman must exist, Colonel, so my Eitel approached the Duke Ernest, who had just learned of Miss Georgy. From whom? Not me, as I live!—Someone about Carlton House must have sold the news; either the man Bloomfield, or Dr. Knighton.

Bloomfield, the likelier, for the Prince had been very hard upon him.

"As no doubt you are aware, sirs, Duke Ernest has designs. His people followed Miss Georgy day by day when in Town" (we looked at one another, and all felt more or less to blame)—"She was reported as seen in the Fitzherbert carriage, and paying a call at Tilney Street. Also at some chapel, or church, with the same lady. At last the Duke himself saw them together, and assured himself of the relationship. Who could doubt it who remembered the Fitzherbert in her prime? The likeness jumps to the eyes; *mais, oui!*

"Then, hearing, as my poor Eitel told me, of a scheme to set aside his brother's marriage with the Brunswick woman on the plea of nullity, denounce the Princess Charlotte as a bastard, and repeal the Royal Marriage Act in favor of Mrs. Fitzherbert and her daughter, the Duke made his plans to strike whilst he could.

"As ye know, Colonel, he did. It cost him Semmes, his right-hand man. But, it cost me my husband. There were two others perished in that night's work. So my Eitel said whilst dying. I never heard their names, or saw the bodies. The Duke Ernest is a hard man, Colonel, but it chilled him.

"He was at great expense to hush it up. He has never tried again, has he?

"After that attempt he changed his methods. He could not prove a marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, nor could the Prince prove Georgy his child. 'Twas an *impasse*, and *faute de mieux*, Duke Ernest let it stand at that.

"But there was myself. I knew too much. Also, Colonel, I am a woman of spirit. I made claims, I used threats. That was my ruin. My just demands were agreed to; I was assured they should be satisfied. An appointment was given me. I kept it. I was met by a person who described himself as

the Duke's Privy Purse. He was a physician in his pay. I was certified insane and carried off to an asylum.

"Where? My God! How should I know. I traveled tied hand and foot (gagged too) in a hearse with outriders. What I do know is that I have been four winters and four summers in hell; most of the time chained upon a heap of straw. Ugh!" she bent her face upon the arm of her chair and wept. Georgy came in, made a sign; we left them together.

* * * *

Under kindly usage the Gräfinn made rapid recovery, improving in appearance if not in behavior.

Although her hosts were slow to perceive her moral deterioration, their servants were more clear-sighted or less charitable, and regarded her with prim, silent dislike.

"She do question a body so, I don't hold with no furrineers, especially sich duperous ladies as this here," said Mrs. Hymus.

Tray would have none of the woman. Georgy's first pet, most of his many accomplishments forgot in extreme old age, white-faced and rheumatic, would silently and stiffly vacate his padded basket and leave the room when the Gräfinn entered.

Whilst increasingly inquisitive with inferiors she grew less communicative to me, and developed other defects.

"George," said Abel at the end of a fortnight, "keep thy chamber door locked at night. Our guest is a somnambulist."

He was a moment beforehand with me, I had it upon my lips to have warned him. In the dusk of that day's dawning, hearing the soft padding of unshod feet in the corridor, I had opened my door to find a white-clad figure pacing slowly past.

The ladies supplied her with clothing. Georgy devoted much time to her, walked with her, drove her,

showed her over the house from top to bottom. "Even the lumber-room: she almost asked for it," said the girl with a little smile of surprise.

"Did she find her old valise?" I asked, the idea occurring to me at the moment.

But Georgy had heard nothing of any valise. "There are three ancient wrecks of bags up there. I didn't see that she took notice of anything but the spinning-wheel."

In the third week came Mr. Stephen Grellet for a few days' refreshment in the midst of a missionary journey. His appearances were ever a pleasure to me. Through his clear eyes I seemed to be granted glimpses into the unseen. His quaint jargon, half English, half French, which I dare not attempt to reproduce, had tones and inflections which stirred me strangely. Whilst walking beside him between my yew hedges, I, almost a foot the taller man, looking down upon the top of his bent head, listening to his monologue, heard as it were a voice from the years unborn, a "Sending," I think our fathers would have called it.

Yes, there were moments when he seemed to hold the keys of the Coming Time. At least he saw beyond the present.

Such knowledge, or such powers of prevision, call them what you will, are no enviable endowment. When I had met him in Germany, Sweden, and again in Spain, he had impressed me by his serene *insouciance*. Upon both occasions I had found him upon terms of gentle, kindly, smiling intimacy with the Unseen, as unembarrassed as a child with its father.

Then, though in poverty and peril, he had been placidly confident. Now, in my house, and with his dearest friends about him, the man seemed depressed, defeated.

"My friend," said he, "I have failed

in what I felt was my Heavenly Father's purpose for me; tho' not, I hope, from unfaithfulness.

"Thou beheld those great ones of the earth—(just flesh and blood, such as thou and myself, no more beneath their lace and trappings)—those who were in London after the ending of the war. Ah, then was the moment! The Day of the Lord, and the burden was laid upon my weak shoulder.

"How I strove in prayer! and, as it seems, in vain.

"But, He who sees the End from the Beginning still reigneth. I will trust."

I paced beside him, shortening my stride to his small steps, so many and so light. He tripped on, deep in thought, and presently burst out in plaintive wise:

"Surely, O Lord, the time was ripe? Was not Thine earth pinched and drawn by effusion of blood? Why lay on me Thy word to the Rulers and the Kings?

"George Fanshawe, I am not beside myself. This is not madness, but grief. For *then* (Ah! me, the hour is past. Judgment has gone forth, and it may be another century will dawn before the opportunity will recur). But, then, just *then*, was the day-spring from on high in some hearts, and the Love of Christ might have been manifested towards the down-trodden, and the bereaved, and such as had no helper.

"Almost it seemed for a moment the thing might be. The Ruler of Russia bowed the head, yea, and the knee. The King of Prussia listened. Then, woe is me! I saw the dawn overcast, and the good hour pass. The Adversary, the so-called Church of Rome, with its narrowness and hardness, its reliance upon tradition, its craving for power, yes, and its freedom from scruple and dread of liberty, this, the Adversary, the Antichrist—has prevailed.

The devil is unchained. The so-called Society of Jesus is no longer beneath the ban of the Pope. I was conscious of occult influence against which I strove in vain. The leader of that Order in this kingdom, the English Provincial—I know not his name, nor have ever met him, withstood me not once nor twice.

"Little by little my friends dropped from me. One by one, those whom God had set in authority—they in whose hands He had placed opportunity, fell away, grew cool, inaccessible.

"Yea, and they have been drawn into the by-paths of Lust of Gain and Lure of Ambition.

"And what have been the end of their contrivings? They, who have gone back into their strong places of cruelty, and refused to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God? Are they at ease, or safe? Nay, verily! They have given heed to deceiving oracles, and have bound themselves in what they call their Holy Alliance. But God is not in all their thoughts, George Fanshawe!"

We had reached the end of the Pleached Alley where stood, and still stands, and may well stand for many another hundred years, the untrimmed yew that my mother's grandfather, then a child, set when the news came of the Protestant succession of the first George. 'Twas the time of year for each dull green spray to take on a golden fringe, and hold out a thousand tiny pollen-vessels to the wind. Mr. Grellet lifted his hand and shook a bough, and upon the instant a pale waft of dust was about us: thrice did he shake, and thrice the silent tree responded.

"My word shall not return unto Me void,' saith the Lord; nor can I believe that anything is made in vain, not even this seminal dust. Lo, there is a sound of going in the tree-tops;

Powers and Presences are about us! Shall wrong be strong forever? Shall Poland be rent in three and God hide His face? Shall Lombardy be trod underfoot by the Emperor? And the Greeks by the Turks? And the Walloons by the House of Orange? And the Irish by you? And the Blacks by thy people and mine? Does none regard or keep record of the blood and tears? Lo, there shall be a day of account for all the oppression which is wrought under the sun, saith the Lord, and a new order shall arise, a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

"But, when?" he hung a sorrowful head. "How long, O Lord?"

He released the yew-bough and turned up to me a weary face, with bemused, far-seeing eyes in it, innocent, mild, seeking only to know His Lord's will and the next step toward doing it.

Never have I met a more selfless creature. He made it possible for me, a man of the common clay, to believe the stories of God's prophets writ in Holy Scripture, which one accepts because they are there recorded, being otherwise incredible.

And, as he and I stood thus in deep thought, within the shade of the Hanover Yew, there came sounds of steps and distant voices and at the farther end of the Pleached Alley appeared Mrs. Ellwood leaning upon the arm of the Gräfinn in deep and gentle converse. They had not seen us; we passed behind the tree, and thence to the rose-garden, conceding them their privacies.

"Who is the gray-haired stranger?" asked my friend, and he asked it keenly, for he had come out of his muse, and was alive, as ever, to each impression, a man of sensitive nerves and vivid perceptions.

Before I could reply he had run on, "My friend Mary Ellwood is much

taken up with her, but, it has been shown me that this woman's heart is not clean, neither is her eye single. I would have thee to beware of her, George Fanshawe."

I told him something of the Gräfinn's singular history, machinations and fall, and of her years of seclusion in a mad-house, but nothing of her relations with my child, for I thought that secret Smythe's and Abel's. I remarked that from the woman's growing restlessness I doubted if her stay would be prolonged.

"Do not drive her forth," said Mr. Grellet, "nor seek to detain her, nor let any of you ask her to return. It is *un cœur méchant*, full of wiles. I hear 'Danger! Danger!' cried all about her, and behind her. Mary Ellwood will fail with her. There is no opening at present in such a heart."

Then, swiftly turning his face up to mine, "And for thyself, thy service still delays? Yet is thy occasion at hand, I believe. Be faithful. Thou shalt presently be used; yes, very presently."

"But, there is danger near and sharp overhanging Georgiana. Nor can I tell thee how to guard against it."

Thus speaking, we had crossed the rose-garden with its central dial and bricked walks, and turning through the wicket, found ourselves in the stable-yard of The Lodge ("The Old Yard," not the Quadrangle of the "New Work").

On entering I had a momentary glimpse of two figures, Georgy's and Abel's, leaving the place at the other end for the house. It was but a glimpse, but my eyes were sharp then, and it struck me there was something unusual in their proximity and in the state of my girl's habit.

Two horses, one saddled as from use, stood with their reins hitched to wall-hooks outside the nag-stalls.

Abel's stout roan, a Norfolk "Marshland," was one, an animal of great strength and bottom, an untiring trotter but no galloper. The other stood bare-backed a young blood-horse of my own breeding, a *Comet* colt, tricky and excitable, sixteen-two and a flyer. I had let Georgy ride him, for a woman's hands are good for a youngster if they belong to the right woman. Both beasts were in a muck of sweat, clayed to the withers, clayed on face and croup.

As I reached them I met Hymus emerging from the stable, red-faced and full of great news.

"Lor, Colonel, did y'ever? No, I be bound ye niver see sich a thing in all yer born days! . . . Stand still, ye ugly b——, will ye?—Ah! to goo and dew for yer lady as near as nawthing at all!—I fare right asheamed on ye!" This to the colt, which shook like a leaf, and was aware of his misdeeds.

"What has happened Hymus? Tell us about it. Miss Georgy is all right. I've seen the back of her this minute. Has she taken a toss?"

But I must needs give you the opening of the tale in my own words, for Hymus was as roundabout and inconsequent as a man of his class is wont to be when telling the truth. 'Tis when a laboring man, or woman, is glib, succinet and forthright in narration that one must suspect lying.

It appeared that Georgy and Abel had been out all the forenoon upon business and were returning for luncheon. Abel had opened the last gate but one, and was holding it for the lady to pass, but she, upon the whim of the moment, had set her horse carelessly at the low fence beside it, an unfair test to any animal. The colt had shown temper, and with an eye upon the open gate, had gone boring down into the shallow ditch, discovered his mistake, and recovering with one of those surprising bounds of which young

blood-stock have the secret, cleared the whole obstacle at a stand.

"She were settin' loose-like. She niver expected. . . . I seen her, Colonel. He shifted har clean out of the saddle. She pitched head-down and sorter clung to the pommel by har habit. And off goo the *Comet* colt, damn him! Urrh! . . . Yew brewt, yew!"

"Don't swear, man. Get along with your tale. Where was this?"

"Jest at the back here, Colonel. She'd a-got inter the Sixteen-acre, which be ploughed up arter sheep, y'know."

I did know, and realized what the colt would do. With his head given him, and his stable in sight, and but one fence in his way (a stout post-and-rails, if ye please, with a drop, and a ditch and lane on the landing side!) he would surely make a bolt for home.

And, who could stop him? Not Abel on his roadster!

"I were up top o' stables, Colonel, a-stoppin' sparrer-holes in the thack. Oo, I seen it all, but, what was a chap to dew? Afore I could a-got half way tew the fence this b . . . brewt here would ha took-off and knocked Miss Georgy's pretty face tew a sham-rag! Wot was I tew dew? Nawthing! But I seen it all to rights."

"Yes, yes! You 'seen' it, Hymus, but, what did you see? Hurry up!"

"Whoy, Mr. Abel, Colonel. He jest let the gate swing, and sorter went and tarned *Marshland Man* along the grass headland. Noo sort o' use tryin' for to ketch the colt, 'twould only ha' set his racin' blood a-goin' and made the devil of a mess on't. Noo; Mr. Abel he done the right thing, but, there! who'd a-thought on't but him?"

"But, wha'?"

"What I be a-tellin' ye of, Colonel. He sets *Marshland Man* a-goin' along the headland, where the turf-edge was left at the ploughin', and a short-

legged hoss can make the pace. He takes he around three sides o' the field hell-for-leather, a-floggin' and a-spurrin' like as I niver seen him afore in my life. At fust he simmed to fare to b a-goin' right away from the colt, then at the fence inter Small Mead he tarns near-handed and races sideways-on, but a hundred yards wide, and nawthing to dew with 'um like. The colt niver looked at he, nor quickened up a mossel. Then at the roadside rails he tarns near-handed agin, and brings *Marshland Man* along to the colt proper! Gawd-a-mussy! Heaow he did ride! heels and elbers a-goin' like the finish of a flat-race with a pot o' money on't.

"And that pore young lady a hangin' head-down'ards all the time as helpless as a calf on a butcher's hook! And, jest as that b . . . brewt, there (Hold still! or I'll hit ye!), wot had come lopin' athurt the plough, quite slow-like, findin' nobody arter he,—well, jest as he sor'er steadied up for ter challenge his fence, as would a wholly done for our young lady,—up come Mister Abel at any pace ye like to swear to, right along the grass top-baulk, turves a-flyin', heels a-goin', but mouth shet; O, not a word o' lang-widge! Then,—then, I sez, just as this hare blame dickey gets his quarters under he for the take-off, spank into his off forehand goo *Marshland Man* held as straight as a larch timber-stick, and knocks he all a-flyin'! Down he goo, and down goo Miss Georgy. Them girts break, saddle and she goo one way, colt goo another. *Marshland Man* goo pitch-a-poll, arse-over-head-like, and lays on his back with his fower legs a-goin' like the sails of a mill. Mister Abel he goo head-over-tip and falls clear.

"All the whol bloody-lot-on-'em down and a-sprawlin' and thanks be to Almighty Gawd neer a one on 'em the wuss!"

"Amen!" groaned George Fanshawe, whose heart was knocking a it has never knocked after any one of his hundred-and-fifty hunting falls.

I had seen it all hrough Hymus's eyes. Never before had I heard that good servant swear in my presence. His lapses were evidence of inward emotion and the extremity of danger.

Our child had been given back to us. Those oak rails were yellow and new, mortice-and-tenon, five feet high, cruelly solid. It did not do to think upon what might have befallen that lovely head and grand body, strong and supple, but only a woman's, had my Georgy been dashed against them.

Well ridden, Abel! Somehow I had not thought he had just this in him.

How he loves her!

Forgetting Mr. Grellet was at my side, absorbed in my vision of what might have been, sick with relieved fear, I turned toward the house; not to congratulate my friends, for I knew that neither would wish the thing referred to. I wanted a glass of port badly, and poured one for Mr. Grellet, who declined it. I took off both in small sips, tasting the grape against the inside of my lower lip.

"Ye spoke of danger, just now, of peril near and sharp,—Ye were well-inspired."

"But it was not this that I foresaw, George Fanshawe,—and still foresee."

I set down my glass and surprised my companion by smiting my leg and breaking into a yelp of laughter, for an idea had struck me. This might . . . it might, . . . it certainly might, after all . . . !

The Lord, Who formed it, alone knows a woman's heart.

Lunch at the Lodge was a movable feast conditioned by the calls of Abel's and Georgy's business, my comings and goings, and other factors.

Mr. Grellet had cut his from the cold

ribs upon the sideboard, eaten it and retired to his room before the two riders had changed and come down.

Neither showed a sign of wear, and I, playing with my bread-and-cheese, made no allusion to what I was supposed to know nothing about.

Abel cut thin slices of corned beef for both with a hand that shook, carried her plate to his lady, and his own to his place beside which lay a pile of letters, for the mail was in.

Georgy had a letter of her own. Both broke seals, read and ate in silence.

I could have risen and stamped.

"Tompkins takes those twelve loads of bark in Sandelford Coppice," said the lady. "Reasonable good price as things are going."

"What we set it at?—O, quite reasonable," replied Abel, adding that he had not thought she would get the man up to it.

"I told him that was my figure, and that he could take it or leave it," said the girl. (I could hear her saying it to the tanner, a pompous person, whom I knew. He had taken it from her, but would have resented such *brusquerie* from a man, I thought.)

"Thou art a better salesman than I," said Abel, tossing a letter across the board. "The bark is off our hands, but not the timber. Paxman says the government yards are paying off—No shipbuilding, bad times, and so forth. He does not even make a counter-bid. What sayest thou?"

"Draw it to the Park," said Georgy, "'twill come to our price another day. Such tall, straight oak will be wanted for church-work if not for shipping.

"May I draw the lop-and-top into Midwich and give it away? The poor there are short of firing whilst the breach in the canal-bank stops the coal-barges. Thou approves?"

Abel nodded assent, no more. He was already deep in some calculation,

pencilling upon a cover-back, and presently arose, finished his beer, wiped his lip and left the room, thinking business.

Georgy pushed back her chair and stood for a moment, her hands full of papers, her own and Abel's. I could stand it no longer and caught her by the shoulders and looked down into her face. Shapely and smooth it was, exquisite in texture and coloring, framed by such hair, too, such hair! and upheld by such a column of milk-white throat.

"Girl!" I burst out, "don't you know you are wasting a good fellow's life, and your own?"

I had never spoken thus to her before. Her lips fell apart from sheer surprise, her brown eyes widened with wonder.

"If . . . if . . . anyone wants . . . a thing . . . they can surely ask for it," she said demurely, but with evidence of inward emotion, for whilst speaking the color rose in her cheeks and mounted to her brow.

"But, you know," said I, unconsciously betraying Abel's having made me his confidante, "you remember, Georgy, how he promised never to annoy you again. He is a man of his word, is our Abel. O, he *did* relapse, I know, but renewed his undertaking."

"Then . . . if . . . if . . . he . . . must break his word again, for a lady cannot throw herself at a gentleman's head!"

She pouted and shook her shoulders, not to free herself, I think, but for the pleasure of feeling herself held.

"Would it not be quite too terrible to live through, Van Schau, for a girl to have to stand before a meeting with strangers present, possibly, and say—'*I take this my friend*,' and the rest of it?—Is any man alive worth it? Think of all eyes being upon you! O, I couldn't! No, I never, never could." She reddened and looked down.

Suddenly she rose on tip-toe and

dabbed me a kiss on my chin, "Silly old Van Schau!" she cried, slipped through my big, clumsy hands and whisked herself out of the room, shedding papers as she ran.

O, my poor, poor friends!

And, O poor George Fanshawe!

I must interfere after all, and rapped Abel's door late that night. "Come in!" he said, and received me standing. I thought he had risen from prayer to admit me; the slight pause which had followed my demand, and his position beside his bed, conveyed the impression.

"Abel," said I, making a frontal attack, for with him there is no use skirmishing, "ask her again, ask her to-night, or tomorrow, man. O, hang your promises!"

The good soul was as near to being angry with me as ever I knew him. I read the set of his jaw, and trembled, but drove ahead into it, neck or nothing, having two happinesses to consider.

"How many years is it since . . . ? Dear heart! but you are got to be a middle-aged fellow! How ye are wasting, not only your own life, but hers, man,—HERS! A woman can only be three-and-twenty once, and your Georgy will never be that again. She is twenty-five off."

He sat down suddenly upon the edge of his bed and looked at his fingertips. "I tried once, and I tried again," said he and paused. "I gave my word,

and I broke it. I have given it again, George," he paused. "Thou wouldst not have me trade upon any little service I may have been privileged to render her. A stable-lad could have done it as well. It can't count. . . . I really doubt if I am the right one for her. I love her intensely, extremely, more, and more, and still more!" his voice shook, almost broke, indeed. "But do just look at me! Am I (speak truth, George),—am I the one to make her happy? She so wonderful; I so dull, so stupid, so silent."

"So prim, so neat!" mocked I, taking from the back of the chair over which he had accurately hanged it, after brushing it, his dark blue coat with its upright collar, and throwing it at him as he sat there before me in breeches and shirt-sleeves, "Yes, so dapper! Get ye up at six tomorrow, go roll yourself in the rick-yard, rub your back against a wall, man; hurry to her door and pop the question before brushing up, and, trust me, you will come downstairs an engaged couple."

"Dost thou think so?" he muttered, regarding me wanly, doubtfully. He was a person of the most sterling qualities of any that I have ever met, but was possibly somewhat to seek in imagination.

"No. It would be taking an unfair advantage of her to ask her again just now," he said.

I left him to finish his devotions. O, my poor friends!

(To be continued.)

THE FICTIONS OF FORSTER.*

TWO VIEWS.

I.

By J. CUMING WALTERS.

Will you permit me to express my strong appreciation of the article by Mr. John B. Castieau on "The Fic-

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tions of Forster." Such an article, whether we agree with its conclusions or not, is a hundred times more profitable than discussions on the location of a Pump or on the exact number of milestones on Dover road.

Mr. Castieau raises the whole ques-

tion—Do we know Dickens the man? I yield to no one in my love of Dickens, in my worship of him "this side idolatry," in my sense of deepest indebtedness to him as an influence, and in my admiration of him as the master of pathos and humor. But when I say these things, I am speaking always of Dickens the author. Dickens the man often eludes me. I read diverse accounts of him. To be quite frank, I do not know to this day whether he invariably acted up to the high standard he set in his writings, or, in other words, whether he consistently practised what he preached. This is not charging him with the offence of omission or commission: it is simply confessing that definite, authoritative, and complete information is lacking. And why must Dickens students complain of this? There is one reason only—the man who knew him best, and the man who accepted the supreme responsibility of writing his biography, failed to achieve the real task. He gave us a magnificent array of facts, he gave us a catalog of deeds, he gave us a chronicle of events, he gave us lists and compilations and quotations and all sorts of literary miscellanea, but he never gave us Dickens the human being.

Of all big biographies, Forster's "Life of Dickens" is one of the least satisfying. This is no new criticism, and Mr. Castieau might have quoted George Eliot herself in support of his own contention. Writing to her friend, Miss Sara Hennell, Dec. 15th, 1871, and recommending her to read the Biography for the sake of the story of Dickens's early vicissitudes, she said, "The book is ill-organized and stuffed with criticism and other matter which would be better in limbo." Sadly, but unequivocally, I endorse every word, speaking as one who has to turn to the "Life" over and over again, and who has found it

can only be used as a work of reference. It is to me dates and annals, not a "Life" of Dickens. But, as Mr. Castieau truly says, it is not even complete as a catalog. I affirm that Forster was not scrupulously honest in his records, and not systematically fair in his references. The combined result is that some of the human aspects of Dickens are concealed, and those of his friends and associates imperfectly represented. It is a delicate matter for us to discuss his domestic affairs, and I, for one, have always declined to invade the sacred privacy of a great man's life. But Mr. Castieau has said more than enough in his article to prove that Forster failed in his duty as a biographer, and, by this failure, was deliberately unjust to Dickens's wife. Moreover, had Forster done the bold right thing once and for all, would not the air have been cleared of unpleasant (and often untruthful) rumors?

In one respect Mr. Castieau's article creates a false impression. He seems to hint that if full revelations of Dickens the man were made, they would mainly be depreciatory. This is certainly wrong. If we have such adverse testimony as George Eliot gave (see her "Life and Journals" for May 5th, 1852, June 13th, 1870, etc.), we have on the other side such splendid and glowing tributes as Frederick Locker-Lampson offered. Mr. Castieau has quoted the former (though not fully); let me set against her atrabilious observations a few sentences from the "Confidences" of the latter. Both as to Dickens's personal appearance and conduct, Mr. Locker-Lampson's remarks differ entirely from all the disparagements that Mr. Castieau has cited—but this is only a further proof of the necessity of a complete and impartial biography being provided. Contrast, then, the statements on Dickens's "vulgarity," "common-

place talk," "foppishness," "soured disposition," "intense egotism," "softness outside, hardness at the core," with the following:—

Dickens was a handsome, vivacious looking man of rather low stature; he favored the redundant locks and elaborate costume . . . which were the fashion of the period. . . . Dickens spoke to the point, listened well, and now and then made a sprightly remark. . . . The bright sunlight shone full on his face, on his dancing blue eyes and arching brows, and it struck me as the most animated countenance I had ever seen. . . . I heard him make a speech; there was no gush or rhetoric; it was a most telling speech. . . . In March, 1870 (the period, according to some, when he had ceased to be genial and generous, had grown ill-tempered and hated argument), I sat by Dickens. He was remarkably agreeable; his conversation was so affluent, so delightfully alive, so unaffected. . . . He talked like a demon of delightfulness. Motley poked a good deal of pleasant fun at him, especially about his "American Sketches," pretending to be Mark Tapley, much to Dickens's joy, who gave it back with interest. . . . He favored convivial philanthropy. . . . His appearance was attractive, he was not conventionally gentlemanlike-looking—I should have been disappointed if he had been so; he was something better. I shall not quickly forget him at Macaulay's funeral; there was a stride in his gait and a roll. He had a seafaring complexion and air, and a huge white tie. He was fond of dress; he owned that he had the primeval savage's love for bright positive colors. I consoled him with the assurance that it was the poet side of his nature that was so gratified. . . . He told stories with real dramatic effect.

There are more truly human touches in this brief description than will be found throughout Forster's voluminous chapters. We see the man at last, and, seeing him, understand also.

The very defects pointed out by some critics excite our sympathy, and in any case, we come nearer to him as fellow-man, as one of our own flesh and blood. It will be noticed that Locker-Lampson unconsciously replies to almost every adverse criticism of Dickens mentioned by Mr. Castieau. The fact is, there is nothing to fear from depicting Dickens as he was; the danger is in depicting him as he wasn't, as a "faultless monster," as a hero on the highest pedestal and with the most dazzling of haloes. In a Dickens biography we want Charles Dickens, not Sir Charles Grandison.

For several years I have been in the habit of keeping notes of all the personal evidence given of Dickens by those who knew him, and it is because out of these accumulated truths a Dickens has emerged so different from Forster's ideal, that I feel, like Mr. Castieau, it is time a new, complete, trustworthy, and intelligent biography should be prepared.

II.

By J. W. T. LEY.

Mr. Castieau's article "The Fictions of Forster," will cause a fluttering in the dovecotes, will it not? I am not one of those who regard Forster's book as perfect; it is unsatisfactory in many ways, incomplete—as I have found to my great inconvenience very often. But while these are facts, there are surely many points at which Mr. Castieau goes clean off the rails. In the space at command it is not possible to deal with this extremely interesting subject at all fully. I could write a good deal about Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," but for the present, I propose to confine myself to Mr. Castieau's article.

He first of all gives it as his opinion that the book is not entitled to pride of place as the leading authority on Dickens. Now be its faults what

they may, what does he suggest should displace it? Not Mr. Teignmouth Shore's monograph—to which he appeals in one place—surely! No; Forster's book may be unsatisfactory in many ways, but I know of no book that has a claim to displace it as the leading authority. Then Mr. Castieau tells us that it is "a long tedious avenue of adulations through a desert of dates," that "various persons of no importance say how they met Dickens at school; shook hands with him; saw him buy a penny paper, etc." If Forster was alive today, and was about to write this book, and if he were to consult Dickensians as to how they would like him to deal with his subject, he'd find himself bewildered, wouldn't he? You, Mr. Editor, know at least as well as I do, that there are many people who quarrel with Forster simply because he does not give us more of the things to which Mr. Castieau objects—because he did not throw Gradgrind's mantle about him when he wrote. Some grumble because he did not tell us *all* the houses in which Dickens lived, their exact latitude and longitude, and the rent his father or he paid. Mr. Castieau himself complains because Forster did not tell us that "Dickens's taste in eating turned towards tripe and to fried liver and bacon." He had to go to Mr. Teignmouth Shore for the information—but I fancy there is more metaphor than literal meaning in Mr. Shore's statement.

I agree that Carlyle's estimate of the book was grotesque. It is no more a Boswellian effort than is Southey's "Life of Nelson"—yet that is rather a good biography. Mr. Castieau says that "Boswell sometimes bores you with Johnson's conversation. Forster was candid enough to say that Dickens had no conversation, and so he escaped the responsibility

of recording any at all." What does this mean if it does not mean that Dickens *had* conversation, and that Forster deliberately dodged the recording of it?

Mr. Castieau next complains that the references to Mrs. Dickens are slight, and that he has to go to an American writer to discover that the novelist's wife had a good forehead, a small, round and red-lipped mouth, with a sleepy look or slow-moving eyes, and that the "weakest part of her face was her chin, which melted too suddenly into the throat," and to another American writer to learn that she was "a large woman, having a great deal of color, and rather coarse." Does he seriously criticize Forster for not recording that Mrs. Dickens was "a large woman, with a great deal of color, and rather coarse"? I ask him to remember that Mrs. Dickens was living when the book was written (she outlived Forster, in fact). How could Forster have recorded such facts?—assuming them to be facts. Nor could he deal more fully than he did with the novelist's domestic troubles. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that they are our concern, still, how could he recount them when Mrs. Dickens and most of her children were still living? It would have been an outrage. When Johnson died he had no relative in the world (I am not sure from memory whether his step-daughter survived him, but even if she did, she was, in fact, little more than an acquaintance). Boswell, therefore, had practically a perfectly free hand. Forster had nothing of the kind.

Mr. Castieau quotes some rather disparaging estimates of Dickens's character. I am on safe ground here; and I say that such estimates can be found only by the aid of the microscope. Dickens, of course, had his faults, and they appear—to me—even

through Forster's text, but that his good qualities outweighed the faults a thousand times is certain. Look at Mr. Castieau's authorities—George Eliot, Mr. Putnam, Dr. John Brown—"who, so far as I can find, is noted for disquisitions on dogs," which is a rather curt dismissal of "Rab and his Friends," and reminds me of the man who told me that "Queen's Gardens" was piffle!—Gissing, Henley, Chesterton and Dean Hole. George Eliot was but an acquaintance, Dean Hole was little more; Mr. Chesterton was born five or six years after Dickens died, and is an authority only in respect of literary criticism; so is Gissing, so is Henley. What of Mr. Marcus Stone, who told me that Dickens was the best man he ever knew? What of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald? What of scores of others who knew the man intimately The Dickensian.

over long periods of years? (In passing, Dickens never quarreled with John Leech, so far as I know.)

Finally, Mr. Castieau tells us that "Charles Dickens cannot be handed down to history as a man unless his Life is written by a man." What does he mean? Does he mean that Forster was not a man? If so, he does not know Forster. In every sense of the word, Forster was a Man—a true man, a man of business, a man of the world, an unquestionably able journalist, and literary critic, and a true and loyal friend, to whom almost, without exception, the literary men of his time looked up and were indebted.

Forster's book is open to criticism, but Mr. Castieau has built with falsities upon a foundation of truth, and the structure will not bear the most cursory inspection.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.

Let us begin by clearing up the old confusion between the man who loves learning and the man who loves reading, and point out that there is no connection whatever between the two. A learned man is a sedentary, concentrated, solitary enthusiast, who searches through books to discover some particular grain of truth upon which he has set his heart. If the passion for reading conquers him, his gains dwindle and vanish between his fingers. A reader, on the other hand, must check the desire for learning at the outset; if knowledge sticks to him well and good, but to go in pursuit of it, to read on a system, to become a specialist or an authority, is very apt to kill what it suits us to consider the more humane passion for pure and disinterested reading.

In spite of all this, we can easily conjure up a picture which does service for the bookish man and raises a

smile at his expense. We conceive a pale, attenuated figure in a dressing gown, lost in speculation, unable to lift a kettle from the hob, or address a lady without blushing, ignorant of the daily news, though versed in the catalogues of the secondhand booksellers, in whose dark premises he spends the hours of sunlight—a delightful character, no doubt, in his crabbed simplicity, but not in the least resembling that other to whom we would direct attention. For the true reader is essentially young. He is a man of intense curiosity; of ideas; open minded and communicative, to whom reading is more of the nature of brisk exercise in the open air than of sheltered study; he trudges the high road, he climbs higher and higher upon the hills until the atmosphere is almost too fine to breathe in; to him it is not a sedentary pursuit at all.

But, apart from general statements,

it would not be hard to prove by an assembly of facts that the great season for reading is the season between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. The bare list of what is read then fills the heart of older people with despair. It is not only that we read so many books, but that we had such books to read. If we wish to refresh our memories, let us take down one of those old notebooks which we have all, at one time or another, had a passion for beginning. Most of the pages are blank, it is true; but at the beginning we shall find a certain number very beautifully covered with a strikingly legible handwriting. Here we have written down the names of great writers in their order of merit; here we have copied out fine passages from the classics; here are lists of books to be read; and here, most interesting of all, lists of books that have actually been read, as the reader testifies with some youthful vanity by a dash of red ink. We will quote a list of the books that some one read in a past January at the age of twenty, most of them probably for the first time. 1. "Rhoda Fleming." 2. "The Shaving of Shagpat." 3. "Tom Jones." 4. "The Laodicean." 5. "Dewey's Psychology." 6. "The Book of Job." 7. "Webbe's Discourse of Poesie." 8. "The Duchess of Malfi." 9. "The Revenger's Tragedy." And so he goes on from month to month, until, as such lists will, it suddenly stops in the month of June. But if we follow the reader through his months it is clear that he can have done practically nothing but read. Elizabethan literature is gone through with some thoroughness; he read a great deal of Webster, Browning, Shelley, Spenser, and Congreve; Peacock he read from start to finish; and most of Jane Austen's novels two or three times over. He read the whole of Meredith, the whole of Ibsen, and a little of Bernard

Shaw. We may be fairly certain, too, that the time not spent in reading was spent in some stupendous argument in which the Greeks were pitted against the moderns, romance against realism. Racine against Shakespeare, until the lights were seen to have grown pale in the dawn.

The old lists are there to make us smile and perhaps sigh a little, but we would give much to recall also the mood in which this orgy of reading was done. Happily, this reader was no prodigy, and with a little thought we can most of us recall the stages at least of our own initiation. The books we read in childhood, having purloined them from some shelf supposed to be inaccessible, have something of the unreality and awfulness of a stolen sight of the dawn coming over quiet fields when the household is asleep. Peeping between the curtains we see strange shapes of misty trees which we hardly recognize, though we may remember them all our lives; for children have a strange premonition of what is to come. But the later reading of which the above list is an example is quite a different matter. For the first time, perhaps, all restrictions have been removed, we can read what we like; libraries are at our command, and, best of all, friends who find themselves in the same position. For days upon end we do nothing but read. It is a time of extraordinary excitement and exaltation. We seem to rush about recognizing heroes. There is a sort of wonderment in our minds that we ourselves are really doing this, and mixed with it an absurd arrogance and desire to show our familiarity with the greatest human beings who have ever lived in the world. The passion for knowledge is then at its keenest, or at least most confident, and we have, too, an intense singleness of mind which the great writers gratify by making it

appear that they are at one with us in their estimate of what is good in life. And as it is necessary to hold one's own against some one who has adopted Pope, let us say, instead of Sir Thomas Browne, for a hero, we conceive a deep affection for these men, and feel that we know them not as other people know them, but privately by ourselves. We are fighting under their leadership, and almost in the light of their eyes. Se we haunt the old bookshops and drag home folios and quartos, Euripides in wooden boards, and Voltaire in eighty-nine volumes octavo.

But these lists are curious documents, in that they seem to include scarcely any of the contemporary writers. Meredith and Hardy and Henry James were of course alive when this reader came to them, but they were already accepted among the classics. There is no man of his own generation who influences him as Carlyle, or Tennyson, or Ruskin influenced the young of their day. And this we believe to be very characteristic of youth, for unless there is some admitted giant he will having nothing to do with the smaller men, although they deal with the world he lives in. He will rather go back to the classics, and consort entirely with minds of the very first order. For the time being he holds himself aloof from all the activities of men, and, looking at them from a distance, judges them with superb severity.

Indeed, one of the signs of passing youth is the birth of a sense of fellowship with other human beings as we take our place among them. We should like to think that we keep our standard as high as ever; but we certainly take more interest in the writings of our contemporaries and pardon their lack of inspiration for the sake of something that brings them nearer to us. It is even arguable that we get actually more from the living, although

they may be much inferior, than from the dead. In the first place there can be no secret vanity in reading our contemporaries, and the kind of admiration which they inspire is extremely warm and genuine because in order to give way to our belief in them we have often to sacrifice some very respectable prejudice which does us credit. We have also to find our own reasons for what we like and dislike, which acts as a spur to our attention, and is the best way of proving that we have read the classics with understanding.

Thus to stand in a great bookshop crammed with books so new that their pages almost stick together, and the gilt on their backs is still fresh, has an excitement no less delightful than the old excitement of the secondhand bookstall. It is not perhaps so exalted. But the old hunger to know what the immortals thought has given place to a far more tolerant curiosity to know what our own generation is thinking. What do living men and women feel, what are their houses like and what clothes do they wear, what money have they and what food do they eat, what do they love and hate, what do they see of the surrounding world, and what is the dream that fills the spaces of their active lives? They tell us all these things in their books. In them we can see as much both of the mind and of the body of our time as we have eyes for seeing.

When such a spirit of curiosity has fully taken hold of us, the dust will soon lie thick upon the classics unless some necessity forces us to read them. For the living voices are, after all, the ones we understand the best. We can treat them as we treat our equals; they are guessing our riddles, and, what is perhaps more important, we understand their jokes. And we soon develop another taste, unsatisfied by the great—not a valuable taste, per-

haps, but certainly a very pleasant possession—the taste for bad books. Without committing the indiscretion of naming names we know which authors can be trusted to produce yearly (for happily they are prolific) a novel, a book of poems or essays, which affords us indescribable pleasure. We owe a great deal to bad books; indeed, we come to count their authors and their heroes among those figures who play so large a part in our silent life. Something of the same sort happens in the case of the memoir writers and autobiographers, who have created almost a fresh branch of literature in our age. They are not all of them important people, but strangely enough, only the most important, the dukes and the statesmen, are ever really dull. The men and women who set out, with no excuse except perhaps that they saw the Duke of Wellington once, to confide to us their opinions, their quarrels, their aspirations and their diseases, generally end by becoming, for the time at least, actors in those private dramas with which we beguile our solitary walks and our sleepless hours. Refine all this out of our consciousness and we should be poor indeed. And then there are the books of facts and history, books about bees and wasps and industries and gold mines and Empresses and diplomatic intrigues, about rivers and savages, Trade Unions, and Acts of Parliament, which we always read and always, alas! forget. Perhaps we are not making out a good case for a bookshop when we have to confess that it gratifies so many desires which have apparently nothing to do with literature. But let us remember that here we have a literature in the making. From these new books our children will select the one or two by which we shall be known forever. Here, if we could recognize it, lies some poem,

or novel, or history which will stand up and speak with other ages about our age when we lie prone and silent as the crowd of Shakespeare's day is silent and lives for us only in the pages of his poetry.

This we believe to be true; and yet it is oddly difficult in the case of new books to know which are the real books and what it is that they are telling us, and which are the stuffed books which will come to pieces when they have lain about for a year or two. We can see that there are many books, and we are frequently told that every one can write nowadays. That may be true; yet we do not doubt that at the heart of this immense volubility, this flood and foam of language, this irreticence and vulgarity and triviality, there lies the heat of some great passion which only needs the accident of a brain more happily turned than the rest to issue in a shape which will last from age to age. It should be our delight to watch this turmoil, to do battle with the ideas and visions of our own time, to seize what we can use, to kill what we consider worthless, and above all to realize that we must be generous to the people who are giving shape as best they can to the ideas within them. No age of literature is so little submissive to authority as ours, so free from the dominion of the great; none seems so wayward with its gift of reverence, or so volatile in its experiments. It may well seem, even to the attentive, that there is no trace of school or aim in the work of our poets and novelists. But the pessimist is inevitable, and he shall not persuade us that our literature is dead, or prevent us from feeling how true and vivid a beauty flashes out as the young writers draw together to form their new vision, the ancient words of the most beautiful of living languages. Whatever we may have

learned from reading the classics we need now in order to judge the work of our contemporaries, for whenever there is life in them they will be casting their net out over some unknown abyss to snare new shapes, and we must throw our imaginations after them if we are to accept with understanding the strange gifts they bring back to us.

But if we need all our knowledge of the old writers in order to follow what the new writers are attempting, it is certainly true that we come from adventuring among new books with a far keener eye for the old. It seems that we should now be able to surprise their secrets; to look deep down into their work and see the parts come together, because we have watched the making of new books, and with eyes clear of prejudice can judge more truly what it is that they are doing, and what is good and what bad. We shall find, probably, that some of the great are less venerable than we thought them. Indeed, they are not so accomplished or so profound as some of our own time. But if in one or two cases this seems to be true, a kind of humiliation mixed with joy overcomes us in front of others. Take Shakespeare, or Milton, or Sir Thomas Browne. Our little knowledge of how things are done does not avail us much here, but it does lend an added zest to our enjoyment. Did we ever in our youngest days feel such amazement at their achievement as that which fills us now that we have sifted

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myriads of words and gone along uncharted ways in search of new forms for our new sensations? New books may be more stimulating and in some ways more suggestive than the old, but they do not give us that absolute certainty of delight which breathes through us when we come back again to *Comus*, or *Lycidas*, *Urn Burial*, or *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Far be it from us to hazard any theory as to the nature of art. It may be that we shall never know more about it than we know by nature, and our longer experience of it teaches us this only—that of all our pleasures those we get from the great artists are indisputably among the best; and more we may not know. But, advancing no theory, we shall find one or two qualities in such works as these which we can hardly expect to find in books made within the span of our lifetime. Age itself may have an alchemy of its own. But this is true; you can read them as often as you will without finding that they have yielded any virtue and left a meaningless husk of words; and there is a complete finality about them. No cloud of suggestions hangs about them teasing us with a multitude of irrelevant ideas. But all our faculties are summoned to the task, as in the great moments of our own experience; and some consecration descends upon us from their hands which we return to life, feeling it more keenly and understanding it more deeply than before.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE BELOVED.

The tall, young, frock-coated librarian came into the ladies' reading-room with a noiseless, gliding step and an air of apology. He moved a library ladder against the high shelves of calf-bound volumes, ran up the

ladder with a gentle swiftness, selected a tall folio from the top shelf and came down again, leaving the room by the half-glass door as unobtrusively as he had entered it.

There were only two people in the

reading-room. One was an elderly woman, who sat in front of a splendid fire, dozing, her head to one side. She rested her cheek in her hand. She was elderly and had a disordered, tousled look. Her hair, which had been a colorless fair, and was now an indeterminate gray, was falling loose about her ears. Yet there was a suggestion of lost beauty and grace, something evanescent, something of youth, of the wreck of loveliness, about the drooped head and the huddled figure.

Outside, the streets were miserable. The flagged courtyard beneath the windows showed a dull surface of glimmering wet reflection. No hope of its clearing. The skies were muddy, and beyond the courtyard in the narrow street there passed now and again an oil-skinned figure under an umbrella, or a depressed cab-horse, behind an ancient driver and disgracefully rickety vehicle—himself, poor beast, only fit for the knacker's yard. It was comfortable in the ladies' reading-room, where very few people came except the two who now occupied it. There was something that appealed to Esther Denison, the younger of the two ladies, in the rooms which had been undisturbed since Lord Edward Fitzgerald had moved about them, his head full of rare dreams, more than a century ago.

That was the Beloved himself in the portrait above the magnificently carved mantelpiece, set amid the backs of the old volumes on their shelves, glimmering out of the soberly rich surroundings with a suggestion of eternal gaiety and tender charm.

Such color and vivacity! The brown eyes of the portrait drew Esther Denison from her books and manuscripts, in spite of herself. She was working at "Middle Irish" for a University studentship. Now and again she had to tinkle the little bell for a librarian to find something she wanted. There

were several librarians, but it was always the same one who answered her bell. She was hardly conscious of him while she thanked him so sweetly for finding what she wanted. She was hardly aware how painstaking he was, how anxious to help. There never was more than a murmured word between them. They observed the rule of silence of the reading-room, although there was never anyone there but Esther Denison, and that queer old Miss Brooke, who in her waking hours read nothing but eighteenth-century memoirs, with now and again a volume of poetry or a romance.

The ladies' reading-room was a very good place for such work as Esther Denison's. The quiet was unbroken, because of the thick walls and the retired situation of the great house between the courtyard and the gardens at the back. All the corridors were lined with books,—such books as no one ever asks to read—old calf and leather-bound volumes, which were never taken from their shelves. Those Transactions of Parliament had been there when the Beloved was young and in love, when he went to and fro between this house and the House of Commons in College Green. The deep walls of books seemed to deaden all rumor of life in the ladies' reading-room, while downstairs the men's reading-room was crowded, and the swing-doors went from morn till even.

Esther Denison used to forget that there was any presence in the room but her own while she worked. The work absorbed her: she delighted in it, difficult as it was. Hour after hour she would sit there, her delicate Muse-like head bent over the abstruse page. Her face was as soft in color, as delicately and firmly moulded, as a pink sweet pea. She wore her fair hair plaited, and twisted like a laurel-wreath around her small head. She never looked round, nor glanced up,

when the librarian came in noiselessly. He went away carrying with him an impression of the pure profile, the softly opening lips, the head filleted with pale gold, which drew him to return against his will.

Little by little something of intimacy sprang up between Esther Denison and Miss Brooke. At first the girl had sent the elder woman a pitying glance and thought. She was half crazed or whole crazed, poor thing. She talked in her sleep, and she was often asleep. When she woke up, she talked to herself or to the picture above the fireplace. Some girls might have been afraid of this strange companion. Not so Esther Denison. She had become accustomed to the odd figure sitting in the chair in front of the fire. She would have missed it if it had not been there.

One very gray, very dull afternoon, the fire sank low in the grate while Miss Brooke slept. Esther realized with a start that the room was cold. She had opened a window and the damp chill had entered. It was nearly time for the lights. She stood up and went to replenish the fire, putting on the coal gently, bit by bit, so as not to disturb the sleeper.

Kneeling between her and the fire, Miss Brooke's face seemed to glimmer out of the dark. The rooms were always full of mysterious shadows. Glancing at her, as a little flame sprang up in the grate and died away, Esther Denison had a queer illusion. The withered face was for the moment the face of a girl, soft and round and purely tinted—not so unlike the face of which she had caught a careless glimpse in the glass as she arranged her hat before coming out that morning. Then the illusion vanished. Miss Brooke woke up with a weary sigh and shivered. She was elderly and cracked-looking again. Esther stirred up the fire and went to the

window, which she closed before returning to her work.

Every afternoon, about five, a bright face would appear framed in the glass of the door, and there would come a sharp little tapping on the pane. Then Esther would nod, close her book, and lay it aside; gather her things together and go off home through the wet streets—they were nearly always wet that winter—with her brother, Bobby, who was a student at Trinity College. Bobby would wait, cooling his heels in the corridor, while his sister put on her outdoor things in an inner room of the ladies' reading-room. That too had its roaring fire and deep, shabby, easy chairs. It also was walled with books. The ordinary reader, whenever she came—which was seldom—seemed unaware of the inner room which you entered by a door that simulated bookshelves, continuing the long line of books by dummy backs, painted on the door. People had occasionally been startled to see that door open.

Esther would go home with her brother to the house in the suburbs and the pretty faded mother, who lamented that she had a blue-stocking for a daughter.

"You grow old-maidish already," she would say. "Your indifference has cooled off the men your pretty face attracted. You will be old before your time, working in that fusty room at something that will never be any good to you. Men hate a blue-stocking."

Esther only laughed. She was very fond of the pretty complaining mother with whom she had so little in common. She merely remarked that the reading-room was the most comfortable place in Dublin during these winter days. By and by, when the spring came, she would go out into the fields. It did not matter to her about men. She was only interested

in them when they were gray and scholarly—except, of course, Bobby, who was her darling and always stood up for her. She had not met the young man who mattered to her.

As she said it she remembered the face of the portrait in the reading-room, and her pulses quickened a little. Men like that did not live nowadays.

King Pandion he is dead,
All his friends are lapped in lead.

Her lips curled a little scornfully. There were none like the Beloved in these prosperous days of a peaceful dullness. She remembered his eyes, brown as salmon-pools in their amber depths, his quick sideways smile, the light on his brown head. Why, there were moments in the high dim room full of shadows when the portrait had looked alive! It was a brilliant bit of painting—the green of the cravat, the scarlet of the waistcoat, the brown face with the touch of carmine in the cheeks. Odd, how they lit the room!

Every morning now she returned to the reading-room with an ever growing sense of pleasant anticipation. No matter how early she arrived Miss Brooke was already there, in her accustomed place. If another reader came by any chance, Miss Brooke would go off into the inner room and remain there till the intruder had gone. Her meals were brought to her in that inner room from some place outside. They were very light meals—tea, a boiled egg, a little fruit, some hot cakes.

The time came when, with an air of friendliness, she brought a cup of tea and placed it by Esther's elbow.

"You forget to go out for your lunch," she said. "That is not good for the young. You spend too much time over those queer characters. You will lose the brightness of your eyes; your back will bend. I like to

look up and see you there when I am awake. But—I was once as pretty as you. Do not come here too much. This place is full of dreams, *I* have found it worth while to give up all things, but——"

She would be quite sensible and coherent for a while; then she would wander off into something unintelligible.

While they were talking one day the librarian came in. He greeted Miss Brooke in a murmur as he passed on to find the thing he needed. He seemed to need many books from those otherwise undisturbed shelves.

"That is a pleasant young man," Miss Brooke said as he went out, closing the door behind him. "He is in and out here a great deal since you began to read here, much more than formerly."

She fixed her rather mad, bright eyes on Esther, who, to her annoyance, felt the color come to her cheeks; she always colored very easily.

"Ah, that is right," Miss Brooke said. "Mr. Tyrrell is an excellent young man. You do not know him. I must make you known to each other. I was afraid that you were going to follow me. You are so exactly like a girl I once knew. I am disappointed in you, but it is best so. One should grasp at the happiness near at hand, even though grace and beauty—and more than that—are dead a hundred years."

She stopped suddenly as though she listened, and went on again.

"What was I talking about?" she asked. "My poor head! It is full moon. I always talk nonsense when there is a full moon. Is that your brother come for you, my dear?"

It was not Bobby. It was the librarian. He brought a message from Bobby, who was unable to come for her. She was to take a cab home with her books and papers.

Having delivered his message the librarian waited while Esther put on her hat. She dressed very prettily, in the picturesque fashion of a day which had an artistic movement all to itself. Her cloak and flat cap of green velvet were like the sheathing of a flower. As she came from the inner room so attired, the librarian's eyes fluttered as though he had seen a vision.

"I will carry these for you," he said, lifting the parcel of books.

Miss Brooke did not appear to notice. She had a queer way of suddenly leaving realities behind. The librarian replenished the fire. She did not seem to notice the noise he made. Her eyes were fixed on the picture above the fireplace.

"What time does she go home?" Esther Denison asked, as they went out into the dim corridor where the lights were not yet on. "It seems so lonely, leaving her there."

"As a matter of fact"—the librarian had the slightest hesitation of speech, which gave him the air of a gentle deference—"she does not go home. I do not believe she has any home to go to."

"Then she lives here?"

"I believe she sleeps in front of the fire. It was a long time before we discovered that she remained here at night, after every one was gone. When we discovered—it is an irregularity of course—but—we wink at it. We could not discover that she had anywhere to go to or any friends. She does no harm. She is always about as though she has just arrived—when the servants begin to arrange the rooms in the morning. She is not really mad, you know. She has only hallucinations. She has been coming here so long that she seems to belong to the house."

"It is a beautiful house to belong to," Esther said, as though she were

talking to herself. "I am glad you let her stay."

A little later a thought came to her. Supposing Miss Brooke were to be taken ill in the night? Some one, she supposed, slept on the premises. Only the front of the house—the main block, in which had been the reception-rooms—was used as library and reading-rooms. There was the underground story, in which no servant would sleep nowadays; but there was also abundant room at the back, or at the top of the house—not accessible from this part. She had already ascertained that there was no communication between these rooms and a great portion of the old house. The rooms suddenly ceased in a wall of books. The communication must have been blocked up.

She was working very hard at this time. The annoying thing was that, as the examination came near, she began to find it difficult to concentrate her thoughts. Perhaps she had been working too hard. It could not be that "Middle Irish" was losing its fascination for her; but, little by little, she found that something was coming between her and the folios and manuscripts. The something was—it took the shape of—the portrait of the Beloved. Once or twice she fell asleep, just as Miss Brooke did, and slept, her face upon her folded arms, amid the scattered learning on the table.

"The room was so hot," she said apologetically to the librarian, who had wakened her and seemed more perturbed about her drowsiness than need be.

"You are overworking," he answered, with a sharpness in his voice. "You will have to give it up, or have a nervous breakdown."

She forgot to wonder at the something like anger in his voice.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" she said,

"so near the exam.! Afterwards, I shall take a good rest. I shall read nothing but novels for a month."

"Not here," he said. "There are cobwebs here that get into people's brains. Look at Miss Brooke! You must go away into the country and not touch a book. The Spring will be here soon. Although it is wet tonight there is a west wind that brings the fields."

"I must get through my exam. first," she said. "Afterwards, I dare say it will be best for me."

"You will break down before," he replied gloomily, and she was frightened.

There came a few fine, beautiful days, when she went out and wandered in country lanes and by the sea. The librarian was taking a holiday at this time and sometimes she encountered him, and they walked together and returned to town together. The larks were singing by this time, and here and there in the fields there was a daisy. There were authentic tidings of Spring blown down from the mountains and in from the fields and woods. She had listened at last to the librarian—their intimacy had grown in those country walks—and had consented to lay aside her work till the eve of the studentship exam., because she felt that she was going to fail if she stuck at it. But he could not know, she said to herself, the strain it was upon her to keep away from her work in the reading-room. She had been so happy there. There was something missing even in the fields and by the sea.

A week passed, and one evening she dined alone, her mother and Bobby having gone to a theatre. Her dinner was but a pretense. She remembered that the ladies' reading-room was open till nine o'clock. It tempted her like a forbidden fruit. She could get in an hour's work there while they were

at the theatre. Her heart began to beat hard as the thought came to her of the walk through the wet streets, the lit windows of the great house beyond the courtyard, the hall through which she would pass so quickly, the stairs, the narrow corridor between the books. Then the ladies' reading-room, so good after the cheerless street, its fire, the brown books with their flash of gilding, Miss Brooke sitting by the fire, the portrait—it would flash a look of welcome as she came in, wondering why she had stayed away so long.

She loved her work, and she had missed it. It was lucky Mr. Tyrrell was out of town or he might have called, as he had called once or twice lately, with a book or some other pretext for coming, and had hindered her. The rest had done her good. It was so good to be getting back to work, to be so keen.

Her pulses beat in her ears as she hurried on her way. She arrived at her destination. As she passed through the hall, she had an absurd feeling that Archie Tyrrell—she knew his name was Archie by this time—might meet her and turn her back. He had taken a masterful way with her lately. If by any unforeseen chance he should have come back!

She glanced fearfully at the swing-door of the general reading-room. Then she remembered. He was not on duty in the evenings, even if he had been in town. Few readers came in the evenings. It was a concession to poor students engaged in the daytime that kept the library and reading-room open at night till nine o'clock. She hurried along the corridor, joy in her blood and giving wings to her feet. Through the half-glass door she saw that the room was dim beyond. There was only firelight in it. She was glad. That meant she should find only Miss Brooke. The last day

she had been there a couple of girls had come in: had asked for Swinburne's poems and Rossetti's, and had hovered over them like butterflies, dipping into a page here, a page there, till they remembered an appointment and went away. She had felt a sense of resentment against them as intruders into a place which had become so strangely dear to her.

Miss Brooke was not there, though her chair stood in front of the fire as usual. She must only just have left it, for the leather back was warm. Oddly enough, now that she was come, Esther had no inclination to work. She sat down in Miss Brooke's chair. She leaned back, looking up at the portrait. It seemed to lean towards her, smiling at her. It was as though the sun had come out.

Had she fallen asleep? She awoke with the strange sense of its being night and everyone in the world asleep. The fire had gone low, was almost out. There was a little glimmer in the darkness, which she knew somehow came from the street-lamps beyond the courtyard. Somewhere there was a faint murmuring as of voices at a distance—in the rooms, not out-of-doors.

She was suddenly frightened—of the old house and all its ghosts. She remembered the Beloved. With him no woman need be afraid.

She turned to where the portrait hung for comfort; but she could see nothing. She stood up, groping in the darkness.

Somewhere a clock struck two great strokes in the silence of the sleeping town.

Where was Miss Brooke? She felt her way towards the wall of books, still but half awake. They still burned oil-lamps in the library: electric light was not yet come into general use. She had no matches to strike a light. The darkness was very baffling.

The furniture seemed to get in her way as though it were something animate that would keep her back.

At last she found the book-shelves. She groped along them for the door. It was slightly ajar. There were the whispering voices not far away.

She passed into the inner room. To her amazement, in the solid wall of books before her there was a door, which stood ajar. Beyond it was a light. The voices were in the room beyond the open door.

She went forward quickly, striking against a table as she went. Something fell with a loud noise. The whispering—it was not much more than that—went on undisturbed.

She was at the door. With her hand upon her frightened heart she stood, looking in amazement. The room into which she looked was a stately long room. It was lit by three hanging chandeliers in which were many candles. It had an air of old-fashioned elegance with its gilt couches and tabourets covered in a Pompadour silk. The walls and ceilings were painted with Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses and wreaths of flowers. The curtains of the long windows were of the same silk as the chair-covers. She noticed the color of the silk—a faded delicate blue.

At the moment, she was not aware that she noticed any of these things. Her conscious self was only aware of two people clasped in each other's arms by the fireplace at the far end of the room. The Beloved—just as he was in the picture—and a childishly young girl, her face lifted to his. There was something of wild sweetness about the girl, in her bunched-up white frock and scarlet ribbons. Her dark hair fell in a maze of curls—like—was it "The Parson's Daughter" of Romney? Something as familiar as that.

They were entirely absorbed in each other. The girl's white arms

were flung about the neck of the Beloved. Esther Denison forgot that she was spying. She stood against the darkness of the room, watching them with distended eyes. Was there some sickness of envy in her heart? The Beloved made so perfect a lover, and these days were so drab.

"Edouard! mon Edouard!"

It was the girl who spoke in a passionate whisper.

"Hist!" he said, turning about in a startled way. "Did you hear a sound?"

The girl dropped her arms from about his neck. She seemed to listen. She grew pale, clasping her hands together and looking at him. She was very young, although she had the soft roundness of young maternity about her childish figure.

"Mon ami!" she began, panting.

"It is nothing," he said with a little laugh. "A mouse in the wainscoting. The place is alive with them. We have an hour yet before dawn."

The lights were broken up, wavering. Some queer unreality was coming over the scene. There were voices, the murmuring of many waters in Esther's ears. She felt like some one coming back from a great distance to the light, traveling slowly, painfully.

Then she was aware of something familiar, comforting. It was the face of the librarian—a good, strong, reassuring face, something to hold on to in the medley of her thoughts that made the world insubstantial. The room was full of gray light, beyond the one lamp which some one had thought of lighting.

"Are you better, darling?"

It was her mother's voice. Gradually she came to the knowledge of where she was. She was in the ladies' reading-room. Before her was the wall of books in which there had been the door she had seen open.

"You must have fallen asleep,

darling, and been locked in," her mother went on, in the voice of one who speaks to some one unutterably dear, who has very nearly slipped away from love and life. "We were terrified not to find you at home. No one knew where you had gone to. Fortunately, Bobby thought at last of Mr. Tyrrell. He had just come back from the country by the last train. There was a business to find the person who had the keys. But—— You are all right, darling, and we are here—Bobby and Mr. Tyrrell and I. There is a carriage waiting."

Some days later she told Archie Tyrrell her story. Oddly enough, she had felt unable to tell it to anyone else. "No one is ever to hear it but you," she had stipulated.

"I promise."

She was still on her sofa. She had been rather alarmingly ill from the shock of her experience. He listened. His face was grave and gentle. He expressed no disbelief. He did not try to persuade her that her vision was hallucination. Instead, he said something for which she loved him. She had been so afraid of disbelief—of hard, practical common sense.

"The house is his monument," he said, "his shrine, his temple. You cannot get away from him. You must not read there again: it is too lonely. They are going to close those rooms. Soon we shall have the fine new building growing up."

"Ah," she said pitifully. "I am sorry. It is like turning them out. And poor Miss Brooke—what will she do?"

She had a sudden thought.

"I believe she used to see him," she said. "She talked so oddly that I did not heed her—but now things come back to me."

"I know," he said. "She thought she saw him. It began when she was quite a young girl, a student like you,

and very pretty. She was always sitting there facing the portrait. It became real to her. He put her out of conceit with common men. She might have married: there was a lover—but then”——

“He was not the Beloved,” said Esther Denison, and slipped her hand into his. Then she began to weep.

He did not tell her then, not till some weeks had passed, that Miss Brooke was dead. The threat of eviction from her old quarters had killed her. She had been found in some kind of a fit in her familiar place in the ladies’ reading-room, on the very afternoon of the day that was to end with Esther’s falling asleep under the eyes of the Beloved.

She was quite herself again, and within a week of her wedding-day, when he thought it safe to take her to see the alterations which were being made in the ladies’ reading-room. The portrait was gone—to the gallery across the garden. A great number of the books had been removed. The place looked disordered and unhappy—not as she had known it. This would have laid no spell on her.

It was the workmen’s dinner-hour. They had the place to themselves. He took her hand and held it in a firm, warm clasp. “There was a door,” he said; “you were quite right. It was just where we found you in a huddled-up heap on the floor. But it was locked, and the bookcases covered it. You can walk through now.”

They went into the inner room. There was the open door as she had seen it. But what desolation beyond! The long room was bare of furniture; it had evidently been shut up for a long time, for it smelled mouldily. The light came in coldly through the long windows, curtained only with cobwebs. There was dust every-

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where, in drifts on the floor, deadening the sounds of their feet. It had dimmed the shepherds and shepherdesses of the painted walls and the flower-wreaths and Cupids of the ceiling.

“They used to meet here,” he said in a low voice. “When he was ‘on his keeping.’ He had some secret way of entry known only to them and one or two faithful servants. When the scent was hot she hid him here, and not even the Duke or Duchess knew. He used to read in these rooms when the house was asleep. There was a man here before me who swore he saw him at night searching the shelves for some book he wanted. It is the influence, of course. Such as he leaves the influence behind him long after he is dead.”

She was very pale. As they turned and went out of the room quietly, she said, nodding her head towards the fine new building which was going up in the courtyard:

“After all, I do not think I shall ever read there. I doubt that I am cut out for scholarship. I do not feel that I could go back to ‘Middle Irish.’ The studentship will have to go.”

“No?” he said, with a lifting of his handsome eyebrows. “After all, a married woman will not have much time for scholarship—of so difficult a kind.”

“I suppose not,” she said, as they stepped out into the open air. “Perhaps—after all—I worked too hard. Women have that way—have they not? I am not surprised I . . . broke down.”

Then she added something quite irrelevant:

“I wonder,” she said, “if poor Miss Brooke ever saw them together. When she spoke—it was only of *him*. Could she have seen them—as I did?”

Katharine Tynan.

AN AMERICAN PEACE.

[From a Correspondent.]

When the Germans sprang on the world their suggestion of terms, the recent peace flurry in the United States had blown itself out. The agitators had all been convicted of pro-Germanism or cranky and impudent pacifism. The League to Enforce Peace was not shaken from its chosen path of correctness as far as this war goes. The President did not make public offers of mediation. Everything again was quiet along the Potomac.

Now, of course, it is revived and if it is stopped next week, next month it will start again. Of all the mad things said and done since this war began, the peace propaganda in America seems, on the face of it, the most irrational, as it is the most quixotic. The American nation is, according to Europe, growing rich out of the war—in Germany they call it blood-money; and certainly, though the people may be crying out against the cost of living, the masters of industry and of commerce are growing wealthy, and new and more vulgar crops of millionaires are springing up. Yet no influence can check the fanatics of peace; the Press escapes from the control of "the interests" to give them place and praise. Their affairs are reported in the newspapers of the Entente and of Germany. Frequently, as an American, I have been asked to explain the forces working for peace in the United States, and, a little illogically, to explain why the London Press pays so much attention to what seems so futile and so remote.

I do not, of course, know the motives of the London newspapers, nor the standards by which a "story" is judged "good," in newspaper parlance. But I am certain that the judgment is sound which directs attention to the

American peace movement. I am equally certain that the effective check to a serious and insidious attack upon the Entente has not yet been suggested. When the *Morning Post* answers by whispering to the United States that Germany has made offers for peace, granting everything if she be allowed a free hand in South America, it invokes an interest to which some eighty million Americans are indifferent and of which nineteen out of the other twenty millions must be incredulous.

The present peace movement in the United States is important because it has a definite method to suggest: the embargo which has been demanded since the first days of the war. It is futile to look for sound economics in this affair; the basis is either pro-Germanism or it is panic. Prices are high because of scarcity; scarcity is due to exports; therefore, exports must stop. It needs only an elementary acquaintance with the facts to foresee the significance of such an embargo. How much the Entente is depending upon the United States for munitions and food and raw material is a matter known only to the authorities; but the extent to which the United States is exporting some of these things is not a secret. The figures are very large, and though the Entente may be able at a pinch to become much more independent than they are now, they would certainly be seriously embarrassed by a withholding of supplies. If these supplies were essential and were to become essential, the United States would have it in its power to offer mediation; and such an offer would be sinister in the extreme.

President Wilson has set his face against all proposals for an embargo,

but he is not the sole legislative force in a country where his office is technically executive, especially when he is faced by a Congress not wholly his own. (The new Congress will not sit until next December unless a special session is called; the President's majority in it, and the block which he can persuade or intimidate, are much smaller than in the present Congress.) The argument, which was heard four months ago when a shortage of material was felt, and construction was seriously hindered, is certain to take a purely selfish form; for that is the only way in which German agents can successfully disguise themselves; they are given to calling their magazines by purely national names. In the year to come the agitation will become intense and the ancient bogey of America sacrificing herself for British gain will be revived. Immediate national interests, purely domestic necessities, may compel Congress to pass from that state of indifference which has, so far, been the Entente's chief safeguard in America. If the import of raw materials is important, the Allies will have to trust to the precarious protection of the President himself.

Behind this deplorable condition there is the fact which has vitiated so much of the Allies' communication with the United States these two years. It is not that the country has been persuaded that Germany is right in the war. The thing which needs pondering is that the United States, speaking broadly and of that part which thinks at all of the war, thinks Germany wholly and irretrievably wrong, and yet does not think that the war matters at all. The significance of the war has been persistently belittled in America, and it has been particularly easy to impose on her the belief that this is a commercial war because her reading of history is so fragmentary and ill-conceived. Ameri-

cans do not, as a whole, believe that their ideals are precisely the same as those of Great Britain; the suggestion would be considered a bit cynical. That the British Empire has established outposts of freedom where anarchy and tyranny would otherwise be the successors of barbarism is not a familiar statement of the process of Empire. Again, she can accept, with the faith born simply of ignorance, all of Germany's protestations in favor of a league of peace or the freedom of the seas.

History, in fact, might be a corrective to the extravagant disappointment felt in England over the apathy of the United States. From 1756 to 1763 the American colonies violated every law, and, with growing freedom as the immediate danger from France passed, traded with the enemy of England, nullified the advantage of England's sea-power which was, at the same time, their own security and guardian of liberty. Mr. G. L. Beer, an American historian of British colonial policy, wrote of this trade words which, with the proper changes, apply more seriously to-day: "What was in its essence a world-wide struggle between Great Britain and France—between two distinct types of civilization—contracted in the narrow vision of the colonies to the dimensions of a local conflict." (Quoted in *The Commonwealth of Nations*, chapter vi.) In a hundred and fifty years many things change, but in this, at least, they have not changed for the better. Again two distinct types of civilization are meeting on inconceivable battlefields, and again a narrowness of vision, this time not in protected and mutinous colonies, but in a free State dedicated to the better of those two civilizations, reduces the struggle to a conflict petty and obscure. Then aid was given to England's enemies through trade; this time it may be by

an embargo. The principle is the same, that a people will not make sacrifices for a cause which they do not know to be their own. It is not wholly
The New Statesman.

the fault of the United States that she misunderstands the meanings of this war. But it is wholly her misfortune.

G. V. S.

THE TRENCH JOURNAL.

No doubt it springs from the same desire as possessed the cave-man when he scratched lines upon such bones as he could not devour, and the same desire as possessed Milton when he wrote, or Raphael when he painted. The desire is common enough; it must be almost co-extensive with mankind. But still it is remarkable how many men who never wrote or drew before have taken to writing or drawing since they were soldiers. It may be that for the first time in their lives they enjoy hours of unoccupied leisure, with a fair certainty of food before them, and free from the distractions of pigeon-flying, whippet-racing, and "the Cup." Or it may be that art of one kind or another is the shortest way out of the barrack, camp, or trench, just as drink is the shortest way out of White-chapel. At all events, the number of papers and magazines written and illustrated by soldiers for soldiers (just as there was once a paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," and there have since been others written by other classes for other classes) has been very noticeable since the war began.

We have before us copies of about forty, carefully collected by someone who proposes presenting them to the nation to rank among the memorials of the war, as they certainly should. Many are written in the trenches, and printed close behind the lines; at least, we suppose so, for they are compelled to break the law by having no printer's name or place of printing, not even "somewhere in France."

Probably they are set up in leisure moments when the printers at the Intelligence Office of some Headquarters have no intelligence to communicate. Others are issued from English camps, and a few from the prisoners' "cages." None have reached us from Mesopotamia, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that in that old Garden of Eden our men live either under a second Deluge or in a broil of sweat. But it is rather strange that the Salonika forces appear not to have produced a paper of their own, in spite of a year's comparative inactivity. We mean a real soldiers' paper. They have a thing called the "Balkan News," edited for many months by a lady whose personal charm secured a circulation, but whose idea of journalism was to take the news from the Greek and French papers of the previous day and fill in with long extracts from the "Nineteenth Century" of many years ago, "which," as she would innocently remark, "cannot fail to be of interest to our readers under the present circumstances." The result was that "L'Opinion" and other papers, whether pro-Ally or pro-German, in that crazily neutral city, beat her every morning, like the sun, and ultimately mere journalists were brought out of the Army to take her place, though devoid of her charm. But though copies of the "Balkan News" are included in the collection before us, it is not in any sense a soldiers' paper like the other forty or more. It is no more a soldiers' paper than the "Daily Mail" or "Daily News."

We reach the real thing when in our collected bundle we come upon "The Brazier," printed at the front in France for the 16th Canadian Scottish; "Honk!" the organ of the Australian Ammunition Park in the field; "The Listening Post," written by the 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion "to break the trench monotony"; "The Dead Horse Gazette," which represents the aspirations of the 4th Battalion, 1st Canadian Contingent; "The Growler," of the 14th Canadians; "The Iodine Chronicle" of the Canadian Field Ambulance; "The Kookaburra," of the Australian Training Corps in Egypt; and the "Anzac Records Gazette" in Alexandria. So far we have mentioned Colonial papers, and only some of those, for indeed both Canadians and Australians seem to spout papers as wells spout oil, perhaps because broad-sheets are not so familiar in the bush and backwoods as in Fleet-street. Nor must we forget the big "Anzac" magazine collected and put together in the dusty or dripping dug-outs of Anzac cliffs by those excellent correspondents, Captain Bean, of Australia, and Mr. Malcolm Ross, of New Zealand. The first idea was to call the magazine "The Anzac Annual"; but that was thought discouraging, and indeed the book only appeared at last in London, what time the Turkish shepherd was again browsing his flocks upon the bone-strewn heights of Chunuk Bahr, and delighting to find shelter in our caves.

So we have put the Colonials first, but the British and Irish papers are many. How subtle and allusive some of their titles are! The Dublin Light Infantry run "The Whizz-Bang"; the Bedfords run "The Mudlark"; the Middlesex Die-Hards run "Stand To!"; the 6th City of London Rifles run "The Castronical"; the Royal Fusiliers (with other regiments), "The Gasper," "The Last Gasper," and

"The Pow-Wow," apparently in succession; a London Division of the R. E. runs "The Sappers' Solace"; the Norfolk Cyclists run "The Holy Boys' Chronicle"; the 3d Battalion of Queen Victoria's Rifles runs "Poison Gas"; the A. S. C. have various organs, such as the "Pennington Press" or "P.P." of Kent, "The Open Exhaust," and the "718," in which the A.S.C. M.T., 718 W.T. Company expresses its opinions. Time would fail (as orators say when they come near the end of their knowledge) to tell of the Manchester's "Sphinx," the Surreys' "Strafe," the Sussex' "Cinque Ports Gazette," or the "Singapore Searchlight" kindled by the R.E. Volunteers in that dark region.

It was to be expected that hospitals and medical service would be especially rich in soldier papers. For one thing, it is, after all, easier to write or draw beyond the range of bullets, and where even the noise of guns throbs distant. And then, besides, the paper is calculated to cheer the patients up, and upon sufferers from shell-shock a joke may have a counteracting effect. Of all the soldier papers or magazines we have seen hitherto, by far the best (and, we believe, one of the very earliest to start) is the "Gazette" of the 3d London General Hospital at Wandsworth. Both for the writing and illustrations each number is admirable, and it is served by one or two comic draughtsmen for whose work alone the whole lot are worth keeping. "Wails of the Wounded" (Royal Free Hospital) and "The Worsley Wail" (Worsley Lancashire Hospital) falsely express their nature in their titles. And, again, we must not forget "The Thistle," an excellent Christmas number, which was issued on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, although it is not strictly a soldiers' paper, being made up of contributions from well-known writers and artists, not

all of whom have been at the front or on active service anywhere.

There is always pathos in face of death, no matter how stoical a cheerfulness may be assumed, but we think the resolute cheerfulness of a prisoners' camp is even more pathetic than the trenches. In the collection we find four specimens of prisoners' papers. First must come "The Döberitz Gazette," divided between English and French, Russians and Poles also claiming a page or two, so that within its covers one may study the characteristics of four nations, all strongly marked. In all four sections, the most lamentable thing is the entire absence of external news and of reference to the war. Out of the German prisoners' papers we find a few numbers of the "Stobsiade" (organ of the camp at Stobs in Scotland), the "Camp Echo," a fortnightly issued by the prisoners at Douglas, and "Quousque Tandem!" perhaps the best printed and turned out of all the papers before us. It comes from the Knockaloe Prisoners' Camp, also in the Isle of Man. The tone of these German papers is grave, literary, artistic—pretty much what one used to mean by "cultured." They contain few jokes and little humor, unless imitations of Goethe and Nietzsche can be called humorous. In the "Camp Echo" we find "Ten Commandments for Camp." Think what irony and fun the British soldier would have put into those Ten Commandments! But the German is quite solemn. First Commandment, "Thou shalt observe the strictest (*peinliche*) cleanliness"; Second, "Thou shalt work with body and soul"; Third, "Thou shalt be amiable towards thy fellow prisoners"; and so on to the astonishing Tenth, "Beside thy material Welfare thou shalt keep the Ideal of thy Future always before thine Eyes."

These Commandments are followed

by a note in which the editor says that the Camp Commandant has placed in the library two copies of "J'accuse" (the well-known attack by a German upon the Prussian system), and goes on to observe that "any prisoner may study this work without loss to his soul. A man who reads 'The Times' every day need fear nothing from this German's interpretation of history. He need not even hate him, for blessed are the poor in spirit." A condemnation the subtlety of which perhaps escaped the Camp censor.

But to return from German seriousness to the papers which the British soldier loves to write, or "to set down to" when he has time "to do a bit o' readin'." It is noticeable that they are all of the same character. In hardly any could you say there was a distinction or difference. Perhaps three in fifty rise markedly above the rest, like that 3d London Hospital Gazette, which we mentioned. But nearly all are alike in wit, tone, form, and level. When the present writer was working at "The Ladysmith Lyre" under George Steevens, the genius of war correspondents, he soon found how difficult it was to get variety into the numbers, though excellent writers such as Lionel James, William Maxwell, and Steevens himself contributed, and Willie Maud, finest of draughtsmen, did the comic pictures. Somehow or other the soldier readers seemed to fix the form and character, never allowing it to vary much. So in this collection, one always comes upon the comic story, the sentimental verse, the news of local sports, and the allusive series of "Things we should like to know," in which criticism of privates, sergeant-majors, and even of adjutants finds a delicate and perilous scope. We can imagine the German professor of some distant age wading through these papers in the British

Museum, doggedly expounding the allusive jests, and at last deducing his carefully "documented" treatise upon "The character of the British Soldier during the Great War as illustrated by His Literature." Well, he will nowhere discover that simple and serious rhetoric to be found in the French The Nation.

soldier papers, such as "L'Echo des Guitounes," with which the 144th Regiment of the Line recruits its heart; nor will he discover a Commandment ordering the Briton to keep the Ideal of his Future always before his Eyes, equally with his material Welfare.

THEIR NURSES.

We rocked their blue-lined cradles, we
watched their smiles and tears;
With toil-worn hands we led them
along the helpless years;
They brought to us their sorrows, to
us their broken toys;
We were their first fond mothers, they
—just our baby boys!

The years went by. From Sandhurst,
clean-limbed broad-shouldered men,
To us in lodge and cottage would come
our boys again,
In from a long day's hunting or wet
walk with the guns,
To take their tea with "Nana." These
were our grown-up sons.

Then came the calling bugles that drew
them as with cords;
Our boys came home as soldiers in
buckled belts and swords;
'Twas "Wish me luck, then, Nana;
I'm off to join the crowd!"
What luck did we not wish them! And
oh, but we were proud.

We shared their every hardship; we
knew, we knew how well
The boys we nursed would bear them
in face of shot and shell;
Punch.

By Memory's fireguard shadow flung
o'er a white cot's fold
We, with the hearts of mothers, knew
when our boys slept cold.

We shared their every triumph, ad-
mired as from afar
Each new toy as they showed it—each
medal, clasp and bar;
Our babes were grown to Captains; we
saw them crowd the lists
With wooden swords of boyhood held
firm in dimpled fists.

At last, long feared and waited, the
casual word came through:
We knew them "killed in action"; no
more their mothers knew;
The world may speak of motherhood;
we felt its pangs for these
Who learned to play at soldiers long
since beside our knees.

Their medals to their mothers—the
honor and the pride;
We, too, with arms as empty, remem-
bering, have cried;
They were our dimpled babies whose
laugh and lisp we keep;
We watched their infant cradles—God
guard their soldier sleep!

W. H. O.

AN ART IN RULING.

Ruling requires an art just as much
as life, according to Wordsworth, re-
quires it. Those who rule men during a

crisis must not only be fit for their task
but must seem fit for it. Men will fol-
low only the guides they trust, and it

is part of the equipment of the guide to create confidence. The manner which can convey this may contain elements too subtle for analysis, but every one recognizes the manner where it exists. Even the simple guide of the Swiss mountains impresses you, or does not impress you, as the case may be, with his ability to take you up and down safely. When nations entrust their safety to the care of a few men who take on their behalf decisions which will lead to honor and safety or disgrace and ruin, the art of creating confidence is most important. Now that the Government have been reconstructed we hope we may find in high places during the remainder of the war a good deal more of this art. We are not among those who think that in the past the Government have bungled, or failed, through supineness, nearly as often as they are said to have done these things. To those who are wise after the event the choice between the right and the wrong course seems an amazingly simple one. But by that time the problem has become stripped of all its obscuring circumstances and uncertain actors. It is by no means proved by the event that even the choice which is popularly pointed out in retrospect as the only rational one would have solved the problem when the problem was first tackled. But while we believe that the Government in the past have been neither stupid nor apathetic, we do think that they have often allowed judgment to go against them by default. The public judge by such facts as happen to be in their possession, and they are perfectly right to do so. A Government with the real art of ruling would and could create confidence. This is not to say that they would do it by fabrication, but they would certainly never allow the public to misunderstand their actions or apparent hesitations through sheer ignorance of facts

and of reasons which might safely be in the possession of all newspaper readers.

There was an excellent letter in the *Times* by Mr. H. J. Mackinder, which puts admirably the case for the cultivation of an art in ruling. This art should certainly not be theatrical, but it might in a measured and reasonable sense be histrionic. Mr. Mackinder says:—

May we hope for one thing more, and that is that the reconstructed Government will be at some pains not merely to be efficient, but also to seem efficient? They are the leaders of a people, and not merely a board of directors. This people is today so nearly united and so deeply moved that it is like a great organ, and only the great organist is needed to evoke a wonderful harmony and power. A national lead should be our reply to the new Prussian edict. But a lead must be intelligible, and it must be simple and firm in its expression. You do not speak to tens of millions in reasoned speech, but by symbolic acts. The Government have not only failed in efficiency, but also in dramatic sense.

The argument might easily be reinforced by an analogy from dramatic art. Suppose a number of actors and actresses representing a breakfast-table scene on the stage. They do not behave "naturally," though it is common enough to hear people say that their acting is "natural." They are really conducting themselves in a manner that is the equivalent of "natural." They bear themselves, use gestures, and speak their words in such a way that they make their meaning carry "across the footlights," as the phrase is. If they behaved actually in a "natural" way, the scene would be lamentably boring, and indeed impossible. If they ate their porridge, and poured out their coffee, and read their letters, and carried on a staccato mut-

tered sort of conversation as people generally do at breakfast, the meaning conveyed to the audience would be absolutely nothing. Of course the analogy must not be pressed too far. In its logical conclusion when applied to politics it would mean unreality and falsity. But it illustrates what Mr. Mackinder means by symbolic acts. Men who are in a position of the highest trust and responsibility cannot be too careful in securing that their intentions not only shall not be misunderstood but shall be clearly understood. It is deplorable that any respectable Government should be deposed merely because they are popularly misjudged through the absence of proper evidence or through wrong emphasis being given to the various pieces of evidence before the public. A "misdirected" jury always brings in a wrong verdict.

Chatham's eccentricities were often theatrical, and therefore he was not always grand even in his grandest actions. The younger Pitt's aloofness was often too frigid. But both these very great men had, and aimed at, an art in ruling. It may seem that it is beating the air to tell our rulers that they must have an art as well as a policy, because it is not unlike telling a tactless man that it is necessary for him to exercise tact. That is a notoriously hopeless line of advice. You may convince him time after time that a word or act of his was inopportune, or wounding, or discouraging, but in like circumstances he will certainly commit a corresponding offense because it is in his nature or his temperament to do so. But really we are asking for nothing so elusive as a change of nature. All that is required is for members of the Government to think out for themselves a pattern or model of the attitude towards the public which will create confidence, and then always to adopt it. Largely confidence is spread by taking people into

your confidence, and it does not require great tact or imagination to do that. It is in small acts and habits as well as in great and critical decisions that rulers will demonstrate their fitness to lead. The practice of this art of demonstration is by no means untrue or unworthy. A Colonel has a certain professional demeanor in facing his battalion on parade. It is a demeanor he has acquired in a long line of tradition for a particular professional purpose. He is not the worse soldier for acquiring a habit which may be foreign to his nature—a nature, let us suppose, mild, shy, sensitive and silent. He is indeed all the better. All men may profitably suit their manner to their acts sincerely, and not in the masquerading manner of the "imitation of the step of a Colonel returning to his native haunts" mentioned in *The Wrong Box*. No Minister who had cultivated an art in ruling would be seen eating a luxurious meal and drinking champagne after preaching austere economy at a public meeting. His wife would not appear in lavishly expensive furs to take the chair at a meeting to promote thrift. "So it is true," says Bacon, "that small matters win great commendation because they are continually in use and in note; whereas the occasion of any great virtue cometh but on festivals. Therefore it doth much add to a man's reputation and is (as Queen Isabella said) *like perpetual letters commendatory*, to have good forms." Bacon of course goes on to point out the danger of over-emphasis. If a man labor too much to express the forms, "he shall lose their grace; which is to be natural and unaffected." To attain the good forms it almost suffices, as he says, "not to despise them." But rulers must make very sure indeed that they are conveying to the public the fact that they do not despise the forms.

Although Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were in great danger of over-instructing their eldest son in the profession of being a Prince, they were at least extraordinarily alive to the reality of art in ruling. Thus Queen Victoria wrote to him:—

Dress is a trifling matter which ought not to be raised to too much importance in our own eyes. But it gives also the *one outward sign* from which people in general can, and often do, judge upon the internal state of mind and feeling of a person; for this they all see, whilst the other they cannot see. On that account it is of some importance, particularly in persons of high rank. I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop, but we do *expect* that you will never wear anything *extravagant* or *slang*, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offence against decency, leading—as it has often done before in others—to an indifference to what is morally wrong. It would do you much harm by giving the impression to others that you belonged to the *foolish* and *worthless* persons who are distinguished and known by such dresses.

When the Prince of Wales, the future King Edward VII, was seventeen years old, a formidable memorandum The Spectator.

on his future conduct was given to him as a birthday present. It was too rigorous and too exacting, no doubt, but it contained some real wisdom, and this appeared nowhere more than in the passage in which the Royal authors insisted that the art of being a worthy Prince, on which their son was now to embark, was every bit as much a subject of *study* as the books in which he had hitherto been immersed. "A new sphere of life," they said, "will open for you, in which you will have to be taught what to do and what not to do, a subject requiring study more important than any in which you have hitherto been engaged. For it is a subject of *study* and the most difficult one of your life, how to become a good man and a thorough gentleman."

This art in ruling is no new one; it is very old. Ministers will now have to show that they are alive to its value. It was said of Galba that all men would have agreed that he was fit for empire had he never been Emperor. Ministers have to reverse the process, and make it said that no man any longer doubted their art in ruling when they had been installed in office. If they are wise, they will make more opportunities than they find, both in large and small acts, of taking the public into their confidence and "seeming to be efficient."

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD.

II.

The attitude of the United States to a world at war, as it was analyzed in these columns a month ago,* was found to be one of indifference based upon ignorance, and some pains were taken to indicate how natural ignorance was to a country still intensely preoccupied with its own affairs. The

*The LIVING AGE, Jan. 13, 1917.

present article deals with the relations of the United States to a world at peace, specifically with its attitude toward a league of nations pledged to ensure, and even to enforce, peace. The conclusion will be a cosmic paradox, for the country which cannot bring itself to think about foreign affairs is notoriously enthusiastic for the most serious of international com-

plications, and the basis of this enthusiasm is the same as the basis of its indifference, namely, ignorance.

But before we attempt to deal with this paradox, it will be well to note two matters of current interest bearing upon the subject. The first is the deplorable change which has come over the spirit of the after-war peace movement in America. Intrigue and thoughtlessness have given it over, in part, to a peace propaganda which can be of advantage chiefly, if not wholly, to Germany. The good faith of American pacifists cannot, however, be questioned; they desire peace not for Germany, not for the Entente, but for the world, because they seriously believe that peace is more precious than anything which can be won by war. The League to Enforce Peace is pledged not to interfere in the war, and the President, should he offer mediation, would do so without reference to his pledge to bring the United States into a league of nations.

The second matter is the election, concerning which this needs to be said. It was not fought on questions of foreign policy, but it did represent the electors' choice between a known foreign policy and an established domestic policy. The foreign policy which overcame all domestic allurements is inaccurately called pacifist. More truly the voters returned Mr. Wilson to power because they knew that if he brought them into the war it would be for some just cause, and after every expedient for peace had been tried. They returned at the same time the one disturbing force in their isolated lives, the one man who may by a dramatic stroke release them from their traditional moorings and launch them into waters they will perforce learn to navigate.

With this we may return to the facts of American interest in world-peace. The interest remains theoretical, ob-

viously, because the country is not at war. But the theory is rudimentary because, for half a century, the country has been in no war where the alternative of peace was freedom. Peace remains the desirable alternative of war, not of the objects of warfare. Most of the major pacifist movements differ from the attempted coup of Mr. Henry Ford only in organization; the purpose is ever peace. Life is seemingly so dear, and peace so sweet, as to be bought at the price of at least mental chains and spiritual slavery. The appearance is a little deceptive. There are out-and-outers in America, but the attachment to peace against the present war is due not to lack of a finer idealism, but to the obscurity which obtains concerning the ideals for which the Allies are fighting. And far in the background of this obscurity is the greater difficulty, that it is desperately hard for America to understand national idealisms because her own liberties have been so constant, and because her own idealism is so inchoate and inactive.

President Wilson's approval of a league of nations was not, we may be sure, delivered without thought to these things, and for every word of peace there is in his mouth a word of ringing idealism which passes beyond peace:—

We are not only ready to co-operate, but we are ready to fight against any aggression, whatever the sort of aggression, which would be unworthy of America. We are ready to fight for our rights when these rights are coincident with the rights of man and of humanity. It was to set these rights up, to vindicate them, to offer a home to every man who believed in them, that America was created and her government set up. We have kept our doors open because we did not think that we in conscience could close them against men who wanted to join their

force with ours in vindicating the claim of mankind to liberty and justice.

We are more interested here in the common adherence of America than in the form of the society to which it is willing to adhere. The League to Enforce Peace is faulty in mechanism, imperfect in ideals, but it is to be noted that when the President ventured to approve merely of its purpose he was bitterly attacked, not by the middle majority, but by the intelligent few who might have taken it better. He was reminded that his post was not "President of Humanity," but President of the United States, and the lie was given direct to his "We are ready." Discussion began, and virtually ended, with Washington's phrase concerning the advisability of avoiding "entangling alliances," and it became quickly clear that, whatever Washington had meant when he said it, the American leader-writer was justified in believing that the phrase itself had become the entire foreign policy of the country. The President cleverly countered with his plea that such a union would be a "disentangling alliance," hiding there the whole of his philosophy, but the subtlety nearly ruined him. A few journals, called influential, supported him, but intellectual support is not an unmixed advantage in the United States. Even this was metropolitan. The country editor, a closer student of his readers' mind, said nothing in particular and said it mighty well. Possibly it was in despair of intelligent people, in misery at finding his cherished ideal reduced to the proportions of a political trick, that the President issued his appeal to the people, even through the moving-picture screen. His reward was enthusiasm without thought.

That unconsidered emotion may be adopted by the idealists of peace as the surest ground for their activity. In the United States, as here, there are

agitators who are willing to make capital of fleeting passions, to organize leagues hastily and with faults, to guarantee peace and democratic control without thinking of the organization of peace, and without consulting the sober thought of democracy, possibly because they are not wholly confident in the dullness which regrettably follows sobriety. They trust pathetically to structural changes, yet they propose a makeshift structure. They proclaim confidence in democracy, yet presume to offer democracy a schedule of ideals instead of a schedule of study from which the habit of thinking might arise and ideals spring.

The normal appeal of peace to Americans has been strengthened by their trust in combinations, by their feeling that a league of nations will be a security, not too dearly bought, against war. They have been flattered by the approval of the three great powers now at war, and they have been stirred deeply by the honest and passionate idealism of the President. It may be assumed that, when the chancelleries of Europe elaborate a league, it will become a league to enforce justice, but, even without that modification, there is reason to wonder what the place of the United States must be, to question whether she can make the sacrifices demanded by alliances, and to think deeply on the manner in which she must prepare to keep her pledge. That she has not wondered, or questioned, or thought, is due to her traditions. Her first decision after thought must be against alliances of any sort. The waters of her oceans will have to wash her shores for many years before she learns to think through the obvious difficulties and to see the sacrifices are inconsequential for the great gain.

What she must give up first of all is

the Monroe Doctrine, the doctrine and the name. Seldom has a nation assumed a protectorate over so great a part of the world and done so little with its opportunities. The commercial interest of the United States in South America is considerable, but it is still woefully undeveloped; the exploitation of this politically protected unit has been left to the powers which are forbidden to protect themselves by policy or by force without the approval of the United States. What the United States must surrender in the Monroe Doctrine is not profit, but that principle which, she believes, has ministered to her safety and to her dignity for a century. A doctrine always inexact, susceptible of any interpretation, originally assuming many things now forgotten, changing with every policy which demanded change, violated when necessity counseled violation, the name has remained singularly eloquent; and while the commercial burden has been signed away, the political privilege must always be mentioned in party platforms and the menace of "European aggression" constantly kept in mind. (We have been given to understand recently that South America was the real object of Germany's war.) The real common activity of the United States and Southern America was foreshadowed in the Argentine, Brazil, and Chili Conference with the United States on Mexico. It may be recalled that, although the interests of England and Germany are more directly concerned, they were not invited to participate. That discrimination will have to end when the United States joins the league of nations.

The two forces which are definitely against her adhesion are both distrusters, of exploitation (or imperialism) and of illiberal power. She will have to be instructed again, and frankly, in the history of the British Empire before

she is certain that there has been either honor or necessity in the process by which the Empire was built. She will need more than instruction before she will consult with the oppressor of Finland or the persecutor of the Croatsians on the future of Haiti. Her own handling of imperial affairs is tentative, spasmodic, without direction. Her interest in China favors her own nationals, to be sure, but it is expressed in the most altruistic terms, and John Hay, who defined the Open Door for America, announced also the other policy of the country: the Golden Rule. In the settlement of questions which might come before the nations her attitude must be unsophisticated, and therefore valuable; but it is bound to be inexperienced and possibly useless. Herself a denial in a hundred million happy instances of the "principle of nationality" (as she understands it), she maintains the principle heroically. In territorial questions she is, so far, disinterested, but she is also unpractical.

Finally, intervention. It is a lion in the path. It is disquieting for an American to find that while the chancellors approve, so many citizens should doubt. For there is a widespread suspicion that the United States would not live up to her obligations. Partly this is due to a misapprehension concerning her obligation, under the Hague Conventions, in regard to Belgium. But it is sound criticism none the less. It can hardly be said that the United States would denounce her treaties as soon as action was demanded. Far more sound is the prediction that she would, in the period of thought after her adhesion, consider the problem and modify her pledges. It will only be by the gradual process of education, by continuing and friendly contact with Europe, that she will become conscious of her unity with the world. The alternative is a war.

As one closes the survey of the difficulties in the way of American alliances, one becomes more conscious of the tragic waste of her isolation. She could give to a league of nations an impartiality much to be desired. She could be the moderator of differences, if both sets of belligerents were represented (and that, it may be said, is the only league in which she could wholeheartedly take part). She could win for herself a new moral energy, a renaissance of national feeling which would clear her soul of its doubts and give her a definite purpose. She could

The Athenaeum.

relieve herself of those threatening disasters which will interfere seriously with the solution of her domestic difficulties. To win all this she needs only to think, but she is blessed (or cursed) among the nations because she has had, in her years, no need of thinking. It is not enough that her few and her great are thoughtful. They must be indefatigable and adventurous in announcing their thoughts. For these are the characteristics of pioneers, and there is, for America, an unknown land yet to be discovered.

Gilbert Vivian Seldes.

THE MEANING OF MR. ASQUITH.

The main point about Mr. Asquith, which has been generally missed, is simply this. If once we admit the conventional ideal for which all modern English statesmen do in fact live, the late Prime Minister is a positive Bayard among statesmen. Once grant that the Club, with its "colleagues" and its "Cabinet solidarity" is a precious thing to be preserved, and Mr. Asquith is not merely its champion, but its knight errant. Like his comrades and his rivals, he has been the prop of an unscrupulous system; but he has not treated that system unscrupulously. He has treated it not only with probity, but with very great chivalry. I happen to be one of those who refuse to take that system seriously at all, but Mr. Asquith's successors take it quite as seriously, and much less magnanimously. Like Major Pendennis, when he lost his sleep to secure a fashionable marriage for his family, the ex-Premier is at worst a mundane martyr: he is only worldly in the sense that he has sacrificed himself for his world. Of him it may be said, with much more point than in the place where the phrase first

occurs, that his honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true. Nor is an Arthurian parallel in the least overstrained, if once we agree (as all these men do agree) to take this sphere of social shadows as substances; to forget humanity and remember society. In the story of his fall Asquith has all the dignity of Arthur, betrayed by Modred—if once we admit that Arthur only owes a duty to the Round Table and not to the round world.

It is the irony of the Machine, with its artificial alternate parties, that a man has to parade a sham loyalty which he often violates, and conceal the real loyalty which he honestly observes. His fidelity to his party is all humbug, but his fidelity to his friends, who are generally in the other party, is often quite genuine. This truth was conspicuous in the same case which chiefly illustrated Mr. Asquith's private magnanimity, the great historic turning-point of the Marconi Scandal. It was manifest, of course, in other members of the club besides Mr. Asquith. For instance, if there had really been any

such thing as the great Unionist Party, bent on driving out the bad and blundering Liberal Government, Mr. Balfour's exculpation of the Marconi Ministers would have been a black betrayal of his cause and of his comrades. But as there is nothing but a club, it was, in this limited sense, an act of loyalty to the club. Of course, there does exist another thing besides the club: I should call it the commonwealth and they would call it the crowd. From the point of view of *that* there is, of course, no kind of doubt about the meaning of the Marconi Scandal which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour both minimize and excuse. It meant that the scandal of secret commissions does not matter so long as it involves great national servants and great national contracts. It cannot mean anything else, and no serious attempt was ever made to make it mean anything else. But at least Mr. Asquith was covering faults which were not his own, and it is the very fantasy of unfairness that he should now be more distrusted than the very men who committed the faults which he only covered. To take a case common enough in novels or plays, I should concede that a gentleman showed weakness, and perhaps deserved a train of later complications, if he made his house a hiding-place for a convict merely in order to avoid a scene. But I should not think the novel had a happy ending if respectability revenged itself on the gentleman who had hidden the convict by giving his house to the convict he had hidden in it.

Mr. Asquith has acted generously and courageously by all the standards of that generation of Englishmen which was content, in the words of Mr. Newbolt's poem, to play the game. He has most emphatically, and indeed heroically, played the game. Of course, if you listen for an instant to the venom-

ous whisper that the government of a multitudinous modern society is *not* a game, then it is very different; then you become a desperate fellow, and have thick-voiced, railing clamor. This is the game as many good men have certainly played it: as they learn to play it at the Oxford and Cambridge Unions as well as at the Oxford and Cambridge football and cricket matches; to play for your side, and care the less whether it is the right side; to keep the rules, and care the less whether they are rational rules. I doubt whether the Battle of Waterloo was won on Eton playing fields, but I think the battles of the Reform Bill or the Free Trade Budget were won there. But the politicians of the cruder type, who have tripped up Mr. Asquith with the help of the Yellow Press, have no better record as realists; they have dealt even more in fiction, if not in such polite fiction. They also play the game—and cheat at it.

I think Mr. Asquith will be the last of the true Prime Ministers; things are changing with blinding rapidity, and the new things are quite different. He represents the older world, notably, for instance, in the fact that he is very much a scholar and is one of a family of scholars. It is that pagan but humane love of learning which has accompanied the English oligarchy since the Renaissance; which made Cartaret confront death with the stoic hexameters of Sarpedon and Chatham lament his failure with the desolate eloquence of Dido. It seems as if this spirit would either die out in dreary vulgarity or, later, be replaced by a different revival of learning not cut off from the energy and magic of the Middle Ages. And though it is perhaps irreverent to see random omens in the magnificent deeds and deaths of this War, one might almost fancy a symbol of such endings, flaming like a pagan pyre, in the splendid

choice by which the son of this house
of scholars needlessly cast off his
The New Witness.

scholar's robe, and made to death a
new salutation with the sword.

G. K. Chesterton.

OKUMA AND JAPAN.

Practice and theory are not always the warmest of friends. Despite his repeated assertion that he would live to the age of one hundred and twenty-five, fit and strong, Marquis Okuma, the retired Japanese Prime Minister, now says that his retirement is necessitated by increasing age and infirmity.

For some years before Okuma took office there had been successive changes in the Japanese Cabinet, especially since the beginning of the new reign, changes in which Japan seemed to have reached a state of political chaos, alternately veering from the old to the new and the new to the old, to finish in a political deadlock. Neither the Elder Statesmen, otherwise known as "Genroes," nor the younger aspirants dared to assume the responsibility of steering the State, when the famous Marquis, then Count, Okuma courageously accepted the Premiership in spite of his age and the physical infirmity due to the loss of a limb.

During his eventful term of office Okuma wisely and most opportunely led Japan to participate in the present world-wide war in accordance with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In doing so he conferred upon Japan a benefit and an honor.

When some thirty-five years ago Okuma was ousted by Prince Ito and others from the Japanese Government nobody in Japan would have dreamed that at this eleventh hour and at nearly eighty the Count—as he then was—would have risen to the fame of taking the helm and leading his country through the rocky channels of international diplomacy at the greatest crisis in the world's history. He has,

at any rate—though clumsily as some think—succeeded in solving the most complicated Chinese questions; and his propaganda has brought about the sudden downfall of Yuan-shi-kai, the Chinese President and would-be Emperor.

In addition to the successful conduct of the Mikado's Coronation, he has succeeded in concluding the present Russo-Japanese Alliance, a great task, which was one of the lifelong aspirations of Prince Ito and Prince Katsura. Surely the young Emperor was well-advised when he raised Count Okuma to the rank of Marquis in recognition of his various and important services to the State.

Marquis Okuma, who is said to be partly of Chinese origin, has something of the characteristic addiction of great Chinese magnates to grandiloquence in speech and an ostentatious mode of life. He is essentially an orator, thoroughly conversant with the best means of utilizing on the platform and, indeed, in private conversation all the resources of human life. His one weakness, as compared with some of his great rivals, is a complete absence of poetic feeling. When he is attacked in Parliament he seems perfect in the combined skill, determination, and complacency with which he wards off innumerable and heavy bombardments. He seems to regard the swarm of busy aggressors as callow and puerile minds, scarcely worthy of his steel. Certainly Japan has found him, thus far, the best and ablest of her Prime Ministers in oratory and debate. Even Prince Ito, who had a high reputation for his

weighty and enlightening eloquence, was often at a loss to respond to Okuma's speeches.

But his strongest point is also his weakest. Like a certain great figure in Central Europe, Okuma's grandiloquence frequently arouses vehement opposition, which might have been avoided by a wise restraint. His bold and unbridled tongue has made him many enemies, whom he has met with an undaunted front. Marquis Okuma lost a leg in an attempt on his life by dynamite—one of several attacks upon him, the latest being this year, when a bomb was thrown at him.

Marquis Okuma is surprisingly sanguine. He never seems to think of the dark side of things, and always has an open ear for anybody with a promising project.

The Saturday Review.

Perhaps it was a mistake on the part of Japan to force such a distinguished personage to take a direct part in the vicissitudes of political life. The fittest post for him is that of a critic and counselor, offering as an independent outsider valuable advice in case of need to the authorities of the State.

For the last thirty odd years Okuma has devoted himself to the foundation and direction of the Waseda College and University, where many hundreds of young Japanese and Chinese students are being trained up for the service of the country. Many are disposed to think that this is the mission for which the Marquis was best fitted, and that in fulfilling it so successfully he has played the part which Providence intended for him.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE UNITED STATES.

[From a Correspondent.]

It is difficult for Englishmen, wholly concentrated on the strain and effort of prosecuting a battle for existence, to realize the extent and completeness of the elaborate Shakespeare "celebration," the harvest of the wave of enthusiasm that swept like a prairie fire across the United States. The great series of library exhibitions formed but an item in America's tribute. Some notice, therefore, should be accorded to the main efforts of the people for whom books and the display of books must necessarily constitute but a single act in the national service of devotion.

When it is stated that in New York City alone more than 2,000 demonstrations were held (under the organizing secretaryship of Miss Kate Oglebay), certain of them involving, in masque and pageant, the employment of participants numbered by the

thousand, some idea may be formed of the monster character of these celebrations. Not less surprising is the astonishing elaborateness of the parent organization—the Drama League of America—with all its ramifications and affiliations, to say nothing of the parallel movements which helped to give significance to what in America is called the "nation-wide" importance of the festival. For after all the love of Shakespeare and the enthusiasm of the celebrants is not confined to the supporters and beneficiaries of dramatic leagues in America any more than in Europe. Yet this Drama League (which has its headquarters in Chicago, and was there controlled as to the commemoration by the skilful hand of Miss Clara Fitch, the chairman of the Festival Committee) claims chief credit. With its various "departments," its committees, its imposing

array of "producing centers" and "non-producing centers" in more than fifty of the great cities throughout America (each with its own committees for various purposes), its power over a sympathetic public is considerable; wherefore its "invitation" for general co-operation, which appears to have been one of the functions of the educational department, met with a ready hearing and an instant response. There was a wonderful combination of societies of many kinds, ethical, literary, religious, musical, dramatic; clubs and colleges, leagues and school and churches. The schools, indeed, answered the call to such purpose that when they joined forces children by the thousand united in elaborate programs; 11,000 in New York alone learned old English dances, and not fewer than 700,000 belonging to the city were employed in the "programs" aforesaid. Besides, there were the contributions of the women's clubs. Even States organized to celebrate; and we find a combination such as North Carolina, South Carolina, Wyoming, Missouri, and New Jersey—all powerfully marshaled to give intelligent co-operation and direction and to lend splendor as well as meaning to the commemoration. Municipalities moved, with civic authority. The variety that resulted may be imagined: for example, the enthusiasm of the Hebrew Orphans' Asylum in Brooklyn and of a similar institution in Montreal (for Canada came into the movement) was challenged by Honolulu, where *mirabile dictu*, "white, brown, and yellow races combined," as we are officially told, to bow before the genius of the greatest Englishman.

The celebration took many forms. There was the scheme to give a million book-plates of Shakespearian import, designed by Mr. Frank Aldrich, to the children, with the pretty thought of

adding a book to the gift to each child who did not own one already in which to stick it—a thought to rejoice the hundred libraries, the hundred universities, and the three hundred and fifty clubs all affiliated to the Drama League and acting in harmony with it, and all receiving its bulletins, purchasing its publications, and encouraging its multifarious activities. There was the program scheme, including Shakespearian poems for recitation and Shakespearian music for singing, and, above all, tree-planting—that delightful American institution best known by its national Arbor Day. The kind of tree most suitable for planting in any particular district, it was arranged, would be recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, and instructions would be given exactly how to plant the tree; and every locality was invited to put the fragrant ceremony into practice, so that every year when Shakespeare Day comes round the celebrants may chant and recite in a circle round about it, and in future years invoke, beneath its spreading shade, the poet's memory. When none of these things could be done, then the humble film was to be provided, so that the local cinema theatre might bring the immortal Man of Stratford to delight and instruct the young and enthrall and console the old.

But it was in the presentation of plays, masques, and pageants that Columbia put forth her heartiest effort. Though Shakespearian actors of note then in the States might set the professional standard, it was in the universities, colleges, and schools that the purest homage was paid—mere amateur homage, but young and fresh, with more enthusiasm than stagecraft to inspire the budding players. So the *Second Part of Henry IV* was given at Harvard and at the High School at Louisville; A *Mid-*

summer *Night's Dream* at Notre Dame Academy at Waterbury; *Hamlet* at Milton College, a delightful "co-educational institution" of youths and maidens; Ben Jonson's masque, *Hue and Cry after Cupid*, at Washington University; Elizabethan plays, by Peele and others, at St. Louis University; and so forth; and *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Much Ado*. At other collegiate establishments modern plays and masques were in greater vogue: Mr. Burrill's *Master Skylark*, Mrs. Garnett's *Master of Stratford*, and the like were played in centers academic and non-academic, and in "community celebrations" such as that of Toledo, Ohio.

The masques, ambitiously produced, were now and then given, such was the happy conception, in gardens lovingly copied from Shakespeare's garden at Stratford. Thus it was in Baltimore, in San Diego, California, and in Edmond. On these masques effort, money, and thought were lavished with Transatlantic liberality, and the results, according to all reports, were superb. Perhaps the most elevated in character and imagination, and the most popular as well, was Mr. Percy McKaye's *Caliban by the Yellow Sands*, which symbolizes the theatre in all ages—an elaborate production set in Gordon Craigian scenery. The stadium of the College of the City of New York, Detroit, Pittsburg, and Dayton were among the places where it was represented. *Will-o'-the-World* was given at Iowa City University, *The Flower Masque*, by Miss Riley, at Tiffin University of Ohio. *The*
The Times.

Masque of Shakespeare Children, including a thousand members of musical organizations and the pupils of thirty-three schools, was given at San Diego. At Boston *King Shakespeare*, *A Masque of Praise*, by Professor Gilmer, was played in the Parks by "several thousand participants," and *The Masque of Psyche* by the New Jersey State Federation of six cities.

And the pageants! These tremendous spectacles appear in the main to be masques writ large. Statistics grow and multiply; and even Americans, accustomed to superlatives and spectacular films, replace the qualifying "huge" by "stupendous." Three thousand performers took part in the Shakespearian and Elizabethan pageant in Richmond, Virginia, when the whole was enacted in the marvelous natural scenery in which the Tudor buildings of the college are set. *Shakespeare the Craftsman* at Grand Forks University, *The Land of Phantasie*, Miss Alice Brotherton's "municipal masque," at Cincinnati, vied with the "vast" pageants at Austin, Texas, and Atlanta, Ga., where employment was given to thousands of performers. Music and costume, dance and "book"—these comprised the homage of the hour; but they were not the things by which the great commemoration was intended to be remembered, though men will talk for a generation of the bewildering superfluity—may we say?—of spectacle and concert and of verse. Memorials are to remain to typify to the future the enthusiasm of today, and bust and statue and theatre are to set before posterity what America feels for Shakespeare.

THE INDICTMENT OF THE MUSIC-HALL.

A music-hall manager has taken an action for libel against General Smith-

Dorrien as a result of something that was said about *The Bing Boys Are*

Here. We cannot therefore discuss General Smith-Dorrien's strictures on that famous revue. He has raised an important question, however, in a number of articles, letters to the editor, and interviews which have no particular reference to *The Bing Boys Are Here*, but are an indictment of the manners and morals of music-hall entertainments in general. This is a matter which it is proper to discuss at almost any time. It is a matter which has perplexed the minds of people with a weakness for seeing both sides of a question ever since the first music-hall was instituted. Mankind has never been able to agree where to draw the line between what is permitted and what is not permitted to comic authors and artists. The line is shifted to a new position in each generation, and even then it wavers uneasily in a compromise intended to meet the demands of the too frivolous on the one hand and the too sober on the other. There are thousands of light-headed people to whom nothing is sacred, and who would not object to seeing the New Testament itself rewritten and illustrated in the manner of *Comic Cuts*. There are thousands of other people who are so oppressed with the solemnity of all things that they shudder at a mild joke at the expense of Noah or some other far from ideal person mentioned in the Scriptures. Thirty or forty years ago Mr. Chesterton could not have published without a protest that drinking-song of genius in which during the great Flood Noah remarks:

I don't care where the water goes if it
doesn't go into the wine.

Jokes about almost any Biblical character whatever were in those days regarded as rather dubious by the majority—at the lowest estimate, by a very large minority—of church-going men and women. We have im-

mensely extended the sphere of jesting on matters like these since the reign of Queen Victoria. The mediævalists on the one hand and Mr. Kipling on the other have brought about a revival of irreverent humor which would have been quite antipathetic to the Victorian mind. We do not suggest that these authors mock what ought to be revered. We only mean that they mock what used to be revered. Even so there has never been any irreverence in English literature or the English theatre comparable to that which was the custom on the comic stage of Athens. Aristophanes put into the mouth of Socrates jokes about Zeus of which a modern English audience would never endure the counterpart. It is permitted to jest about Allah, as we noticed recently at a performance of Mozart's *The Seraglio* at the Aldwych Theatre, but that is only on the understanding that Allah is not God, though Mohammed is his prophet.

It is indecency rather than irreverence, however, that is usually charged against the comic spirit in these days. And in respect to this, too, we have been getting on. We question, however, whether the music-hall has moved with the times. As the times became more lax, the music-hall became more strict. As a matter of fact, in the reign of Queen Victoria the music-hall never succeeded in being as Victorian as it ought to have been. It was in the nature of a reaction against the age of respectability. It was one of the few public places in which wild beasts were preserved at a time when it was the fashion to pretend that wild beasts no longer existed in England. Mrs. Grundy—a very real and on the whole a worthy lady—simply refrained from going near it. When she did go in the end, she received the shock of a lifetime. One remembers her outcry over certain living pictures and music-

hall lounges. Luckily she did more than cry out. She proposed to go to the music-hall more frequently, but she refused to go so long as the performance was in a considerable measure intended to provoke the appetites of tipsy young men. Perhaps the music-hall was never so blue as it was painted. There were always bright wits and sentimental coons and dancers as charming as Dresden shepherdesses. For variety is the very spice of a music-hall entertainment, and even a Satyr demands a break now and then. But there is no doubt the leer, the hint, the snigger were the delight of the audiences. The manager of the music-hall, to be sure, had often a notice on the program beseeching his patrons to communicate with him immediately if anything of an obscene or objectionable nature escaped his eagle eye and slipped into the program. But this was a formality, a concession to the spirit of the age. Having put his pinch of incense on the altar, the music-hall manager felt he had done his duty, and his singers and comedians were permitted to say practically anything short of what would shock a policeman. That more or less was the state of the music-hall on the eve of Mrs. Grundy's adoption of the habit of regular attendance. At once the music-hall began to blossom (in a moral sense) like the rose. The Coliseum was built to provide large families with an entertainment as innocent as a visit to the Zoological Gardens. For many years past the audiences at the Coliseum and the Hippodrome have been as respectable to all appearance as any to be found in churches or at University Extension lectures. The music-hall has at last become a suburb of hearth and home, and, in spite of an occasional lapse into vulgarity, the advance in decency has been as great as the advance in art.

Not every music-hall, however, has

been so domestic in its gaieties as the Hippodrome and the Coliseum. The man with an antiquarian interest in vulgarity can still find it here and there within a mile of Charing Cross. And there is still an occasional red nose to be discovered on a low comedian making the sort of jokes which go with a red nose. Indeed, we fancy there has been something of a revival of the libidinous eye on the music-hall stage in the last year or two. Mrs. Grundy, having begun to go to some music-halls, has ended by going to all music-halls, and she has become surprisingly tolerant. If she objects to a music-hall performance nowadays, it is not on the ground that it is shocking, but that it is fatuous. She will forgive almost anyone who can make her laugh. Twenty years ago she would have thought Miss Marie Lloyd and Mr. George Robey decidedly vulgar. Now, she reflects that after all they are artists—or is "artistes" still the right word?—of genius, and she lets it go at that. There is something to be said for this attitude. By what principle can we allow ourselves to laugh at Rabelais or Sterne and refuse to laugh at Mr. George Robey and Miss Marie Lloyd? Is the physical basis of life a fit subject for laughter? If it is, where are we going to draw the line? On the other hand, we see the difficulties of an attitude of universal tolerance. The low comedian of genius is one thing, and the pimp disguised as a music-hall artist is another. The vulgar joke, in so far as it is a joke, is good, but it is seldom allowed to be appreciated without the immediate appearance in its train of a great host of vulgar jokes which are merely vulgar. And that is the death of wit. There is no conversation in the world less witty than the conversation of those who specialize in obscene jests. In nine cases out of ten they seem incapable of distinguish-

ing between the wit and the obscenity, and, obscenity being the easier of achievement, they usually content themselves with that. They talk under the influence of a sort of an erotic obsession which wearies the intellect. It is significant that Sheridan and Oscar Wilde—neither of them exemplars for the student of morals—were both intolerant of conversational indecency. Anatole France never becomes poorer company than he does in the *Contes de Jacques Tournebroche*. *Tristram Shandy* may seem to be an argument on the other side. But the indecency in *Tristram Shandy* is never really erotic. We could understand a defender of Sterne maintaining the paradox that the comedy of *Tristram Shandy* is chaste in treatment, though unchaste, or at least indecorous, in subject. But then, who of us will not invent paradoxes to defend the things we enjoy?

As for the music-halls, we cannot expect to find in them the refinements of great literature. They are essentially the homes of low comedy. They are intended to appeal to us at our most frivolous and least fastidious. They appeal to the clown that sits beside the moralist in every human breast. The question that constantly arises in regard to them is whether the clown ought to be extirpated or whether he may not, perhaps, help to keep the moralist from becoming too tyrannous and sour. The music-hall is the court fool of democracy. If we silenced it, would we be more moral, or would we only be more solemn?

The New Statesman.

Clearly, there is a difficulty here. The saint, who believes it is possible to change us all into saints, will naturally be perplexed by an institution which reconciles us more or less to the lower levels of life, and even illuminates them with laughter and fairy-lamps. But obviously the saint will never accomplish his end by shutting up the music-hall. He can only accomplish it by convincing the world of the spell of the heights. He has every right to his say, however, as a critic of music-halls. There is no reason why he should praise dances in which sensual frenzy takes the place of beauty, or why he should regard parades of ogling ladies as anything but what they are intended to be. There is a hypocrisy of the vicious as well as of the virtuous; it refuses to admit that things are what they are. On the other hand, let the saint be lenient to the body. He need not regard nakedness as in itself a crime. There have been dances of all-but-naked women in London which were of a perfectly legitimate beauty. And there were also others. The war, we take it, is responsible for a certain change in the music-halls. The reaction from horror and strain to pleasure is naturally extreme, and the senses revel in stronger stimulants than in quieter times. The war has certainly not made the music-halls nobler, whatever it may have done to the Bishops. But when we remember what the music-hall used to be, there is no need of excessive pessimism as yet.

BIRDS AND THEIR BATHS.

All of a sudden came a splashing on the still surface of the pond. Pond is a name scarcely of sufficient dignity for it; yet to call it lake would be to

claim too much. Perhaps its area was two acres, and it lay embosked with high trees, beeches and Scotch firs, about it, and lower rhododendrons,

which were reflected splendidly in their season of flower. Hitherto, during all this windless day, it had lain placid, only a very infrequent ring of a rising fish marking its surface. And now, on the instant, there came this perturbing splashing. For a moment I thought it a sudden rise of fish responsive to rising fly, and had an impulse to rush for my rod. The next moment I realized it for what it was—the descent of a flock of house-martins splashing down upon the water, half immersing themselves, then up and off again, and anon again dipping to their half-dive. So then, once more, I said in my heart joyfully “A rise of fly!” and presumed that this would be followed shortly by a rise of trout, so that still I had the good hope that my rod might be wanted. For what else than for insects could the little birds be thus playing about like diving terns? Therefore I went down to the water’s side, for a closer look, to see of what sort the fly should be, so that I might find some possible imitation of it in my fly boxes. And, behold, there was no rise of fly at all, no insect life to be seen on the water. I knew then what these little birds must be doing. They were bathing. This was their way of taking a dip, just as we see other kinds, such as the most familiar sparrow, wading into a shallow puddle and splashing in it, or our yet more familiar canary in his tin bath, so these birds, being of the more aerial species, which has developed wing-power rather at the expense of any such legs as might be of use for wading, took their bath as it were on the wing, flying into the water, flying up out of it again, breaking the surface, but never descending below it, never more than half, or a quarter, immersed. They descended and ascended all together, in a small cloud, sometimes soaring as high as thirty feet into the air, as if they had

had enough of it, then changing their collective mind again and thinking that they must have just one more dip. So it went on for a quarter of an hour or so, and then away they all went again to resume their fly-hawking where they knew the quarry to be most numerous, and left the pond to regain its sorely vexed placidity. I wondered what the fish had thought of the disturbance but they did not come up to tell me. It is possible that they may have been imposed upon for a moment, as I was, by the illusion that a rise of fly was happening, but if so they found their mistake out quickly: they made no sign on the surface.

I was rather interested in these antics of the martins, which were, besides, exceedingly graceful and pleasant to watch, because they seemed to throw light on a point that has often puzzled me. Again and again, fishing in the chalk streams of Hampshire, I have seen all the more common kinds of our swallow tribe, the swallows themselves, the house martins, and the sand martins, dipping in just this way on the water—everyone must have seen the same, scores of times—and always I have concluded that the birds were splashing down to take a fly off the water. Often, beyond question, it is fly-catching that they are doing: you may see the big-winged olives actually disappearing into their gaping bills. Yet often again they go through a performance which is very nearly, probably not quite, identical, when there is no sign to be seen of fly on the water at all. Hitherto I had always thought that they were, in fact, though I could not see the fly, insect snatching from the water’s surface. But now, by the light of these martins taking their dip in this pond, which certainly was not, for the moment, fly-bespread, I believe that very often when we see the swallow tribe thus splashing it is for the sake of the

splash itself, for the wetting and cooling of their plumage, and not for any ulterior motive, such as fly, that they are doing it. They are bathers, not feeders. Probably it would be too much to say that all birds are, on occasion, bathers, but assuredly many more than we suppose make a habit of it. It sounds like a paradox, or a truism, according as you may choose to regard it, to say that many sea-birds are fond of bathing. You might think that the gulls, for instance, are bathing all the time that they are on the water. In any full sense of the word, however, that is by no means the case. They sit on the water, perhaps they dive in it, but their well-oiled and close-fitting plumage is so impervious that they bathe only in the sense that a diver may be said to bathe when he descends in his hermetically closed case. Their feathers are not wetted. The proof of this is that if you take one of them in your hand the very moment it comes from the sea, it is perfectly dry. The water has gone off it, as off the duck's back in the proverb. You can hardly say then that this bird has bathed. But I know of one or two places, notably in Tresco, which is one of the Scilly Islands, where there is a fresh-water lake close to the sea, to which the sea-birds resort as a regular bathing establishment. They seem to enjoy letting the fresh water in under the waterproof panoply of their upper plumage, perhaps to wash and cool off some of the ocean brine. You may see, if you observe them closely, that they are wearing their feathers, when engaged with this fresh-water bathing, in quite a different fashion from that in which they carry them when they are pursuing their lawful occasions on the salt sea. In the sea they have their feathers close-pressed and close-fitting; they become a perfectly waterproof garb. In the fresh-water bathing

the feathers are fluffed out, so that the bird looks twice its size: they are loose, with passages between them, so that the water can get in.

Whether the birds living in the salt sea, and absolutely proof so long as they care to be so against any filtration of the water beneath their feathers, ever indulge themselves in sea-bathing, bathing in the brine itself, I cannot say. I do know that some of them will often come into the fresh water and bathe there. But whether or not the sea-birds bathe in the salt water, I am sure that the fresh-water aquatic birds often bathe, in the fullest sense, in fresh water. The poet's simile of the "trundling mop or a wild goose at play" refers, we may suppose, to that bathing of our domestic geese with which they are delighting themselves when we see them splashing and making a terrific wing-beating of the water in the pond; for I presume that this is the meaning of the "wild" in the quotation—a tame goose temporarily become "wild," apparently off its head, as demonstrated in this manner. It is not to be supposed that the writer is thinking of the geese which are really wild, and are indeed the wildest and most shy of all winged things, so that they are not likely to be taken by this poet's homely Muse for a simile. The thus "wild" and bathing geese are to be seen with feathers puffed out, expanded, thrown open, as for the very purpose of letting in the shower-bath which the great flapping wings disperse far and wide. Then, of course, after the bath, the feathers have to be fluffed out and shaken, with a great deal of fuss and flurry, to dry them again, just as we see in the familiar instance of our caged canary. Indeed, this fluffing and shaking of the feathers is just about all that some of these caged friends of ours do in the way of a bath, after the dipping of no more than the extreme

bill tip in the water, whereby the operation becomes something like the dry rub of the human schoolboy on a
The Westminster Gazette.

cold morning, going through all the performances of the bath without fail except the bathing.

Horace Hutchinson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

E. P. Dutton and Company publish a new edition of Frances Browne's "Granny's Wonderful Chair and Its Tales of Fairy Times," a charming book of imaginative tales, which has passed through many editions since its first publication in the middle of the last century. Katharine Pyle contributes an Introduction and eighteen or twenty illustrations, several of them in colors. The same publishers issue, in their "Little Schoolmates Series" of which Florence Converse is the editor, "Treasure Flower: A Child of Japan" by Ruth Gaines, a story of Japanese child life, with many illustrations, some of them in colors, by Japanese artists; "Aunt Sadie's Rhymes and Rhyme-Stories" a book of merry verse by "Aunt Sadie," otherwise Sarah Phelps Stokes Halkett, generously illustrated with pen and ink drawings by the author and Harold Soderston; and "A Patriot's Calendar," which has a large page of heavy cardboard for each month, with a memorandum space for each day, and carries selections from the writings of John L. Griffiths, late American Consul-General at London. The calendar is prepared by Mrs. Griffiths, and the royalty from its sale is to be given to the Red Cross Society.

Four hundred spacious pages, crowded with stories, sketches and verses, and decorated with more than two hundred illustrations, a dozen of them in colors, make the annual volume of "Chatterbox" (Dana Estes & Company) a book in which boys and girls of all ages can find

pleasure. There must be many fathers and mothers bestowing the book upon their children, whose own childhood was brightened by the earlier volumes, for the annual has gone on its cheering way for nearly forty years.

"The Whirlpool," by Victoria Morton (E. P. Dutton Company), has its faults of construction and of plausibility, but it is written with a sustained power and a cool, yet sensitive insight which stamp it not merely as one of the noteworthy books of the season, but as a novel of unusual promise. It sends one's memory back strangely to the appearance of "The Divine Fire" a dozen years ago. The plot, in skeleton, sounds distinctly lurid. Marie Rappoldi traces her husband to the room of sixteen-year-old Bella Cavallo and buries a stiletto in him. Judge Revercombe sentences her to prison and sends Bella to the reformatory. On her release, Bella serves for a time as artist's model. Later she permits Ferris, the head of a subtle criminal organization, to educate her and instal her as the chief jewel of his gambling rooms. Dick Brettner, a struggling lawyer, meets her there, falls fatally in love, and turns to burglary to eke out his insufficient income. He is convicted; but Judge Revercombe, moved more by humanity than by law, pardons him to give him another chance. Ferris and Bella tempt him once more and he falls again. The Judge has been living under such tension in his efforts to temper justice with humanity that he breaks under the shock and retires to a sanatorium in

the Adirondacks. Bella, hardly knowing why, follows him, posing as Mrs. Isabel Maynard. Each one finds perfect happiness in the other, and the Judge marries her, still ignorant of her true history. His friends soon expose her; but he refuses to give her up and resigns his position to work for the regeneration of prisoners and criminals. The value of the book lies in its sympathetic perceptions, in the undeveloped power which the author reveals, and in the veil of glamour which she has wrapped about her story. It seems to float in its own atmosphere. It will undoubtedly be dramatized, for the stage or for the film, but its true destiny is the opera.

"Mothercraft," the theme of Mary L. Read's "The Mothercraft Manual," (Little, Brown & Company) is a new word, although the science which it describes is, in its rudiments at least, as old as the Garden of Eden. But it is a subject to which, fortunately for the coming generations, increasing attention is being given and the modern principles of efficiency are being applied. There has been no more valuable contribution to the literature of the subject than the present, which, while moderate in size is almost encyclopædic in scope. It treats, sanely and sensibly, every aspect of the home and family life; the considerations which should precede marriage and govern the marriage relation; the establishment of the home; preparations for the baby and the care of it; the feeding of children, their physical care and their education. It gives a curriculum for babyhood and early childhood, and wise and explicit directions as to play, games, toys, story-telling, handwork, music and art, and home nursing and first aid in the nursery. The author is director of the School of Mothercraft in New York

City, and wide and sympathetic observation has inspired her "Manual." There are sixteen full-page illustrations.

A subject of great commercial, political and diplomatic importance receives for the first time a really adequate and intelligent treatment in a volume on "Caribbean Interests of the United States," by Chester Lloyd Jones, Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin (D. Appleton & Company). Professor Jones' object, as he defines it in his preface, is to present in popular form a brief outline of the more important political and economic developments in the Caribbean countries which have a bearing upon the foreign policy and commerce of the United States. Comparatively few Americans, outside of those who have given special attention to the subject, are aware of the extent to which new ties, commercial and political, have been formed between the United States and the Caribbean countries and colonies, and new responsibilities, undreamed-of a generation ago, have been assumed. History has been making quite rapidly in those regions, and one protectorate or quasi-protectorate after another has been undertaken. Even since this book was written, the proposed treaty for the purchase of the Danish West Indies has added a probable enlargement of our responsibilities and opportunities. Professor Jones has brought together, from the most authoritative sources, all available material bearing upon these questions, and he presents it in a clear and well-considered style. His book is one which thoughtful Americans not only will be interested in reading, but cannot afford not to read. A map, a comprehensive bibliography and a full index add to its value.